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# TIME

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To emphasize our caring commitment to all Americans, Mutual of America is proud to be the corporate sponsor of a major event in the nation's history: the signing of the "Williamsburg Charter" in Williamsburg, Virginia, on June 25th. The ceremonies, to be held on June 24th and 25th, are intended to reaffirm the religious freedom clauses embodied in the First Amendment.

Nationally-known leaders in government, business and community affairs, as well as in religion and education, will take part. The signing date, significantly, is the 200th anniversary of the call for the Bill of Rights.

We hope every American will stop for a few moments on that day to give thanks for the freedoms that are ours, as Americans. At Mutual of America, we care about Americans and about our freedoms, too.

William J. Flynn, Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer, Mutual of America, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10103.

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**MUTUAL OF AMERICA**  
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## COVER: Welcoming summer, Americans 62 find paradise in their own backyards

Maybe it is the change of season, or something in the social climate, but suddenly everyone seems to be a gardener. Whether it is an elegant floral sanctuary or a swatch of tomatoes or a circle of herbs, our garden provides us with essential staples: good health, creative challenge, rare humility and peace of mind. ▶ A gardener's reflections on roses and apple trees. See LIVING.



## NATION: Dukakis wraps up the prize 12—but don't tell that to Jesse Jackson

A mysterious midnight meeting leaves the Democratic rivals publicly at odds as Jackson demands a vice-presidential offer. ▶ A look at the privileged childhoods of Michael Dukakis and George Bush. ▶ New York's racially charged Brawley affair is more a political movement than a criminal case. ▶ Defense Secretary Frank Carlucci is doing the toughest job in Washington—and well.



## BUSINESS: The communiqué the Toronto 43 summiteers will, alas, never produce

Leaders of the Group of Seven industrial nations will issue a predictable declaration containing vague pledges of cooperation and general prescriptions for economic ills. TIME offers an alternative version with concrete measures designed to ensure world prosperity. ▶ Northrop faces a probe of an alleged payoff in Korea to help sell the F-20. ▶ The biggest S and L liquidation ever.



### 32 World

With Iraq on the offensive, morale in Iran is sagging. ▶ Arafat gets a boost at the Arab summit. ▶ The French send Mitterrand a message.

### 81 Behavior

The primal horror of a mother killing her newborn baby may be rooted in severe mental disorders some women suffer after giving birth.

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In a bold display of *glasnost*, the Soviets honor 1,000 years of Christianity and are host to a high-powered Vatican delegation.

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A 65-city concert tour of *Dirty Dancing* and the success of pubescent rockers like Tiffany signal the discovery of '80s teens.

### 59 Law

With a shortage of lawyers willing to donate time to the poor, a major firm offers to subsidize the pay of some legal-aid attorneys.

### 88 Cinema

*Bull Durham* is a dandy summer baseball yarn starring Kevin Costner. ▶ *Red Heat* is Arnold Schwarzenegger's neat new pecs-'n'-sex epic.

### 76 Art

Who could begrudge David Hockney his success when, as his retrospective shows, he creates a consistent world with such skill and wit?

### 90 Essay

Why are we always so disappointed in our presidential nominees? They are not small, but the Oval Office in our minds is absurdly large.

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Cover:  
Collage by  
Renee Klein



## A Letter from the Publisher

The Oct. 19, 1987, stock-market crash was a dramatic test not only of the world's financial institutions but of the world press as well. The dizzying swiftness of the collapse, its global dimension, the complexity of the underlying economic issues—everything about it challenged journalism's ability to distill meaning out of fast-breaking news. So I am gratified to report that TIME's coverage of Black Monday has earned a John Hancock Award for Excellence, one of the most respected U.S. prizes for business and financial journalism. The citation lauded "The Crash," our Nov. 2, 1987, package of cover stories, for examining "why the crash occurred, where the financial markets were headed and implications of the decline for both the global economy and individual consumers." Economy & Business Editor Charles Alexander coordinated TIME's 24-page section with the assistance of more than 55 staff members. "This was truly team journalism," says Alexander. "It was also one of those stories where the only sleep you got was on the office couch."

We value prizes partly because they make up for the lost sleep and extra effort it takes to stay at the cutting edge of journalism, but also as evidence of the unique quality we put between our covers. The Hancock Award is one of 46 prizes TIME has won this year. The July 27, 1987, cover story, "The Gorbachev Era," earned the



TIME's December famine cover; Photog Campbell

Overseas Press Club's Hallie and Whit Burnett Award as the best general magazine story on foreign affairs. "Air Travel—How Safe Is It?" (Jan. 12, 1987) picked up an Award of Excellence from the Aviation-Space Writers Association. "Who's Bringing Up Baby?" (June 22, 1987) examined the day-care crisis and won an Exceptional Merit Media Award from the National Women's Political Caucus.

TIME's picture department is having a good year too. Our photographers won eleven prizes in the World Press Photo contest in Amsterdam and received five Awards of Excellence at the Pictures of the Year competition sponsored by the University of Missouri School of Journalism and the National Press Photographers Association. Says Picture Editor Michele Stephenson: "The awards are special because they recognize photographs across the spectrum of subjects, illustrating famine, homeless people, war, science, personalities, politics." An image honored in both contests, taken by Staff Photographer William Campbell, depicted an Ethiopian woman cradling her starving child. It was the cover of our Dec. 21, 1987, issue.

Robert L. Miller

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## Letters

### Drug Debate

To the Editors:

How can we, as an intelligent, civilized nation, even consider the possibility of legalizing drugs [NATION, May 30]? Should murder be made legal if it ever reaches the point at which we cannot control it? Should we stop fighting for equal rights if it is taking too long to bring about a just solution? Should we stop caring for the homeless, the poor, the uneducated because the numbers are staggering?

Pat Croson  
Charlotte Hall, Md.



In this drug debate, we are trapped in the familiar either-or mentality: open availability of drugs or no legalization at all. Why not a middle ground? We could provide street drugs to users on request at clinics or special drug facilities. They could shoot, snort or smoke their preferred substance right there. Not much fun, but they wouldn't have to steal or kill to get the stuff. Part of our difficulty in handling complex problems is that we insist on simple solutions when none exist. We must look for partial answers, single steps that move us in the right direction.

Janet Moursund  
Eugene, Ore.

I just think of how little legalizing alcohol has done to solve drunk driving and underage consumption, not to mention lost productivity from drinking on the job.

Joseph F. Hohnacki Jr.  
Toledo

We must be tougher on drug users, not just dealers. We will never stop the flood of drugs into the U.S. until we eliminate the demand. I don't see anyone trying to smuggle Brussels sprouts into the country.

Rosemary Forester Combs  
El Paso

Your report points up the futility of legislating against pleasure. The country may not be ready to accept making all drugs legal. But by decriminalizing the



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## Letters

use of the most common substance, marijuana, we could test an approach: access to the cheaper drug might deter people from using heroin and cocaine. The Government, by offering an alternative, could then exercise its power to curb clandestine drug trade and educate the public.

*Pierre C. Haber, Director  
Psychology Society  
New York City*

Proponents of legalization should not delude themselves that it would result in only a small increase in the number of addicts or that the new addicts would limit themselves to manageable quantities of drugs. Although physicians are educated to the hilt about the dangers of drugs and severely penalized for illegal use, they have shown that they are very vulnerable to addiction. The reason: accessibility. Physician addicts start by using small amounts of drugs but all too often go on to use ever increasing quantities until their careers and lives are wrecked.

*C. Knight Aldrich, M.D.  
Charlottesville, Va.*

### Smokers' Lament

According to Surgeon General C. Everett Koop, tobacco, like cocaine or heroin, is addictive [MEDICINE, May 30]. Great! Now smokers are lumped together with dopers. I smoke, but I haven't killed anyone because of my habit. Maybe we can make tobacco smoking against the law; then we can legalize drugs, and pushers can start selling cigarettes.

*Pat Ritter  
Gettysburg, Pa.*

As a smoker, I am tired of being put down socially as the epitome of a lowlife. I could be doing many things worse than lighting up a cigarette. Come on, America. Find something that is relevant to pick on, not smoking.

*Aly Wright  
St. Louis*

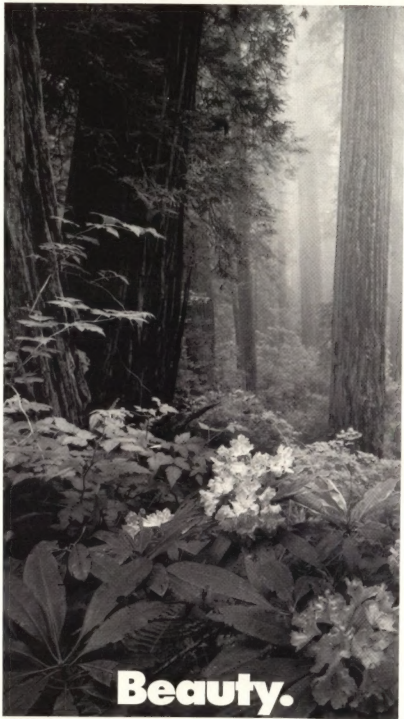
### "Senator No"

Senator Jesse Helms is a principled conservative who deserves the admiration of both the Old and the New Right [PROFILE, May 30]. He is living proof that the party titles should be changed from Republican to Conservative and from Democrat to Liberal. Calling Helms a Republican doesn't do him justice.

*Jeffrey Soule  
Springvale, Me.*

It is difficult enough to be a Republican without having to be in the same political party as Helms. However, I am heartened to read that he is "increasingly fearful about the future." That makes me believe there may be hope for us as a country after all.

*Lois M. Berry  
Seattle*



# Beauty.

# And the Beast.

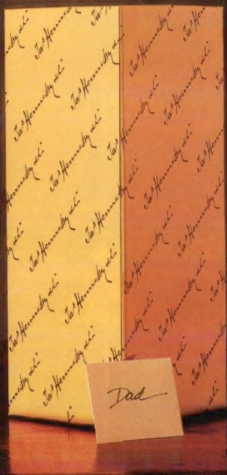


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# This Father's Day give him Hennessy Cognac.



## Letters

While I often oppose Jesse, it is important to remember that if he is on your side, your chance of winning improves markedly. Recently, on a foreign policy issue, several Senators met with the Secretary of State. I persuaded a reluctant Jesse (who was on my side) to come to the meeting. He sat. We talked. We won, and I'm convinced his sitting was more influential than our talking! In addition, you always know where Jesse stands, and when he gives his word, it is his bond.

Rudy Boschwitz  
U.S. Senator, Minnesota  
Washington

## Free Choice

You perpetuate a myth in your article "There Is No Plan B" [NATION, April 25] in stating that "the Hondurans were compelled by Washington to request assistance to halt a Sandinista cross-border attack." The Hondurans, who had their own ideas about how to repel the Sandinistas and did so effectively, asked us for a show of support. After consulting with Washington, I offered President Azcona several alternatives. He chose the airborne exercise, which included sending 3,200 U.S. troops to Honduras. No one compelled anybody to do anything.

Everett Ellis Briggs  
U.S. Ambassador to Honduras  
Tegucigalpa

## Free-senn-ting No Animals!

The description of Montreal's Cirque du Soleil (Circus of the Sun), which uses no animal acts, heaped joy on this household [SHOW BUSINESS, May 30]. We have avoided circuses because of the cramped cages the animals must endure and the cruel methods some trainers use. The Circus of the Sun follows the example of the famous British Circus Hassani, which was founded in memory of a clown who grieved over the plight of circus animals. Many local councils in Britain have banned performances by circuses that still misuse animals to entertain people.

Bina Robinson  
Swain, N.Y.

In 1984, while in Copenhagen, we took our children to the Benneweis circus. Before the show began, we were entertained by the lion troupe, *en cage*, on the stage. To our amazement, when show time came, the lions stood up, folded their cages and carried them backstage. Since seeing that show, we have not been interested in the American circus. The acts are so tired and predictable.

Susan H. Hopenwasser  
Spring, Texas

## Counting Plots

Concerning the death threats against Jesse Jackson, I'd like to point out an error in reasoning on the part of Secret Ser-



## Letters

vice Spokesman Rich Adams [NATION, May 30]. When he says, "There is no organized plot out there to assassinate Jesse Jackson," Adams speaks beyond his knowledge. The most he is entitled to say is "We know of no organized plot out there to assassinate Jesse Jackson."

Steve Allen  
Van Nuys, Calif.

### Garbage Groping

The Supreme Court ruling that it is O.K. for police to rummage through household trash [LAW, May 30] reminded me of something my grandfather, a milkman in the '30s, once said about a customer: "Those folks sure have swell swill."

Billie D. Hall  
San Diego

### Americans Face Toward Mecca

I appreciated your article on Islam in America [RELIGION, May 23]. Like Christianity and Judaism, Islam claims divine inspiration. It attempts to help man understand life and offers the pious something better in the hereafter.

Aamir Siddiqui  
Chicago

The rise in the number of Muslims in America is a natural consequence of Islam's inner beauty and power, qualities that are much sought after. As more and more practicing U.S. Muslims shed their passivity and begin participating in the political process, America will discover the universal religion that is Islam.

Hasan Zillur Rahim  
San Jose

The average American is confronted with sensational news about "Islam's holy warriors" or some "radical Islamic group" and with vicious, stereotyped images of Muslim Arabs as lecherous camel drivers or violent men. So it is only logical that Islam is considered a religion of hatred and violence. But now that there are, or will be, a significant number of Muslims in this country, one can hope that some direct contact will provide fellow Americans with a proper exposure to the customs and manners of Muslims and with an opportunity to finally appreciate the real message of Islam.

Haroon Taqi  
St. Louis

As a woman who spent two years in the Peace Corps in Tunisia, one of the most Western of the Islamic countries, I can only say, "Thanks, but no thanks."

Betty K. Kosal  
Brighton, Mich.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to: TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

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## American Scene

### In Rhode Island: Book Talk

A few minutes late on a Thursday evening, Hope La Salle bundles herself up the stairs to the second floor of the Warwick (R.I.) Public Library. Palpitations of the heart. She breaks out a prescription bottle. "We may be dying in bed, but we'll get up and drag ourselves here," she gasps, before choking down a pill. "I'll pop my nitroglycerine."

"I'll use my asthma medicine," says

weights like Hemingway. Now they can handle anything literature can dish out.

It is perhaps a little easier than it sounds. La Salle intersects Great Books, which is based in Chicago, leans heavily on excerpts, and in a year a group can polish off 15 masterpieces condensed in three slim paperbacks. La Salle, a droll gargoyle, founded the Warwick chapter and considers herself its elder stateswoman.



The Great Bookers of Warwick arm themselves for literary gab

Daphne Shein, also late, pulling her face away from the plastic mouthpiece on an aerosol inhaler.

"We don't miss Great Books," they agree.

They settle down at the conference table with their colleagues and address their shared addiction. For another fix of literary talk. What we have here is a Great Books discussion group, and the pure love of words has been bringing these good people together twice a month for 22 years now. The membership has changed some, but altogether, the group has logged almost 400 two-hour sessions without a single college credit being offered. Back when she started, says Shein, the books were still written on papyrus.

They have worked and reworked the familiar ground of Shakespeare and Vergil and have taken the measure of lesser Greats, like Galen's *On the Natural Faculties* and Fichte's *The Vocation of Man*. The Great Books Foundation, which sponsors 2,500 such groups around the country, once actually ran out of reading material to suggest. For a few years, these stalwarts of Warwick had to scrape by on books that were merely "pretty good." Middle-

She recalls that the readings were weightier back in her day. When *The Iliad* came around again on the reading list not long ago, she disdained the 144-page abridgment and brought in her own complete edition. Unhappily for the cause of purism, she confessed that age and rank having their privileges, what she'd really read that week was a murder mystery, *Presumed Innocent*. This is why the others, who are more dutiful, like the excerpts: "The goal," one of them says, "is to read the damned thing before it's time to discuss it."

The 15 or so regulars are mostly over 50. They are a nice mix of personalities: Shein, who prints slogans on T shirts by day (IT'S BETTER IN A SKIFF), is the wit, casting mordant glances over the rims of her reading glasses; Ray Finelli, an admiral, is the old philosopher, with his thumbs hooked in the pockets of his vest; Marguerite Allen, a retired nurse, is a bulwark of feminism and familial love. Her patience is frequently tested by a newcomer who tends to blurt out opinions. On Chaucer's *The Wife of Bath's Tale*, for instance, the Blunter remarks, "Talk about whoredom!" Allen's chin comes up and the corners of



her mouth pull down, but she remains polite. They are a civilized group.

Their literary criticism has a New England flavor. In their discussion of Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya*, for example, everyone agrees that Professor Serebryakov is an "old codfish." But another character in the play elicits genuine bewilderment: "If he's idle, how can he be happy?" No one has an answer.

At times, they display every reader's urge to pluck up a character by the lapel and offer advice. "I think if Astrov would give up his drinking, he and Sonya would make a terrific couple."

"Nah, he's too old." Astrov is also too busy making eyes over his cognac at Elena. Serebryakov's beautiful young wife.

"Elena's a piece of furniture, she's a couch," says Shein, outraged on poor Sonya's behalf. And when Astrov tries to woo Elena with talk of the reforestation work on his plantation, Shein sneers, like a heckler in the audience. "A likely story—'Come out and see me seedlings.'"

"He never even looks at Sonya," someone else laments.

Ray Finelli tilts his head to one side and presses his lips together in disappointment, the gesture of a would-be father-in-law. "He was a fool," he says.

**W**omen predominate in this group, and they are inclined to rescue female characters from a chauvinist world. When a man in the group, Pat Waters, suggests that the Wife of Bath has been "fadoodling around" on her unfaithful fourth husband, Shein goes to the text and points out that she merely gave the appearance of fadoodling. The question of what-women-really-want arises, and they try to reconcile the Wife of Bath's answer—mastery over husband and lover—with their own convictions about equality.

"Maybe what she's saying," a woman ventures, "is that if the man is king, the woman doesn't want to be queen, she wants to be king too."

"She wants to be King I," Waters retorts.

The discussion never becomes heated. The women back off from the Wife of Bath, and Waters redeems himself a few minutes later by calling the husband in another Chaucer tale "kind of sick" (It is, in truth, an easy redemption. The husband in question has tested his wife's obedience by pretending to kill their children.) They argue not out of the familiar morass of self-interest and ideology but out of intellectual curiosity. "It's more objective, more like you're adding to what you already know," says one.

Their shared love of books makes them tacitly respectful. Waters joined the group when he was construction supervisor remodeling the library building where they meet. "When I was working here, I could walk down the aisles and see all the titles and hear all the noises—the love stories and the battles," he recalls. Now he drives 45 minutes to recapture that feeling. Finelli comes because he gets to pon-

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## Three Of A Kind



## Full House



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## American Scene

der bookish ideas that do not figure in a typical advertising campaign. He is sometimes pleased with the copy he writes: "We Put In Some Tall Orders Yesterday So You Wouldn't Go Short Today." But writers like Plato and Conrad plumbed the meaning of life. "I do love to think in depth," he says.

They know one another's families, work and travels almost entirely through books. When Marguerite Allen says Dickens and Thackeray made her feel at home on a visit to London, the others nod. No one corrects her when she refers to Lenin-grad as St. Petersburg; they've also lived in Tolstoy's Russia. They are appreciative when Daphne Shein reports that her son phoned home to complain that he was feeling like Ivan Ilyich. He was depressed; she was delighted—another 25-year-old might have felt like Billy Idol. These are the small bonuses of reading.

## They need the talk and the perspective of other minds to fix a book in the memory

They could, of course, reap these benefits on their own. But reading on your own, says one, "is like saying you read it in high school." They need the talk and the perspective of other minds to fix a book in the memory. They need the comfortable discipline of the group schedule, without the dreaded rigmarole of college literature classes. "It's like a painting. Each time, it has a new meaning, a new delight," says Hope La Salle, utterly undaunted by her neglect of *The Idiot* and her dalliance with "that boy Scott Turow."

At 8:45, the library lights blink off, then on again, for closing time. They have been trading ideas about Homer's warriors. The Blurter, having described Paris as a "good-looking dude," is now doing her worst for Achilles. "He fluctuated, and I like that because I'm a fluctuator too," Marguerite Allen prefers Hector, but is more interested in the question of moral vs. merely physical courage. Finelli wants to theorize about why soldiers are willing to die.

A janitor appears at the door long enough to register his impatience. La Salle urges the group to continue: "When the lights go out, we grab our coats and run for the door." Briefly, they debate whether glory seeking can be a force for civilization, and the conversation continues on out into the parking lot. They will have plenty to think about on the ride home.

—By Richard Conniff

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## Portrait of an oil company—III

# Power for our people

So far, as we've described our company in this series of essays, we've pretty much stuck to business. We've outlined some of the basic things we do, like finding, producing, transporting, processing and selling oil and gas. We've talked about our chemical business. And we've discussed some of the remarkably complex technology that helps us do all of the above, and do it better than most.

This week, we'd like to talk about the 68,000 men and women from all over the world whose collective efforts make our symbolic red horse really fly. As we've already noted, they range from experts in accounting to discoverers of zeolite catalysts, and their skills encompass most of the letters of the alphabet in between.

When we talk about our people, our proudest boast is that they share few common denominators. There's no typical Mobil manager or oil field routinist or refinery technician. There's no huge stamping machine that forces people into a single Mobil shape. Like most large companies, we have company-wide personnel policies and programs agreed. But most of our urge managers to let their people be themselves—to grow, innovate, take risks, and even make mistakes, because errors can be a path to learning.

If there is a common denominator among Mobil people, it's that they're a diverse bunch, not only in skills but in background. The highest corporate echelons include a key individual who earned his college degree at night; graduates of state universities and Ivy League schools alike; lawyers, engineers, accountants, MBAs, and liberal arts majors; former football stars, and an ex-Brooklyn Dodger farmhand. An American black heads Mobil's operations in an Asian land. A woman oversees oil production in part of America's southwestern oil patch. A native of a small Canadian town heads up a worldwide division.

If diversity is one common denominator, another is a sense of commitment and duty—not only to the company, but to the places where we live, study, and work. Thousands of Mobil employees and retirees give hundreds of thousands of dollars each year to eligible educational and cultural institutions, as well as to eligible hospitals; Mobil Foundation matches these gifts on a two-for-one basis.

In one community, Mobil employees volunteer to answer the phones as the local PBS station appeals for funds. Elsewhere, Mobil people ride bikes and run races to raise funds for charities. Others volunteer to teach part-time in high schools and colleges, or help manage a community group. Still others spend their own time on college campuses, encouraging and even recruiting achievers, or working with organizations dedicated to improving career opportunities for talented minorities. It's all part of the process that keeps our people in touch with the world around us.

Since we're a company that operates in more than 100 countries, what our people do has global implications. A German scientist writes a paper on synthetic gear oils, and a lab in Paulsboro, New Jersey, finds new applications that are used worldwide. Customer clinics in grease technology are held in many nations. A film on diesel engines made by the affiliate in France helps spread knowledge wherever such engines are used and serviced. All of this is called technology transfer, and it occurs routinely, along with the basic tasks of getting oil and gas from countries where they're produced to places where they're refined, processed, distributed, and used.

Sometimes, along the way, the unexpected happens. A Mobil surveyor doing his job notices a stranger clutching his chest, applies CPR, and saves a life. Another life is saved in Indonesia, when a seaman, injured on a non-Mobil vessel, is flown ashore by a Mobil helicopter, and tended en route to the hospital by a Mobil doctor. A Mobil truck driver sees the sparks that set another company's tank truck afire. He stops his driver, grabs his extinguisher, and quells the blaze.

It is willingness to help others a uniquely Mobil trait? Of course not. But we're rightfully proud to have our share of...well, heroes. They help us remember that while we're an energy company, we're really powered by our people.

**Mobil**



# Ready to Play Ball?

*Jackson throws a troublesome pitch*



The scene was a curious mixture of high drama and slapstick satire. Michael Dukakis, only hours away from the climactic triumph of his primary season, tries to hold a private mid-night meeting with Jesse Jackson. His Secret Service limousine takes him to a back door of the Hyatt Wilshire in Los Angeles, where Jackson is staying. Reporters, alerted to the rendezvous, race through the hotel, but Dukakis evades them. Jackson's suite is a mess. As aides dispose of the remains of a chicken-and-greens dinner, Secret Service agents sweep swarming journalists from the corridor.

The Greek American comes bearing a gift: a Dukakis-for-President button with blinking lights. Then the two candidates sit down alone—no aides, no translators—for a 90-minute session, the longest of their three meetings in as many weeks. Jackson complains about the inequities of the delegate-selection system and argues for a tougher stand against South Africa's racial policies. Dukakis listens sympathetically. Looming over the meeting is a too-hot topic that remains pretty much unspoken: whether Dukakis should offer Jackson the second spot on the ticket (which he won't) and what will happen when he doesn't. Down in the lobby, Mark Gearan, a Dukakis spokesman, entertains drowsy reporters with a piano rendition of *Getting to Know You* from *The King and I*.

The Massachusetts Governor's resounding finale last week—victories with more than 60% of the vote in California, New Jersey, Montana and New Mexico—gave him more than enough delegates to win the nomination in Atlanta. It also prompted three of his vanquished adversaries—Richard Gephardt, Bruce Babbitt and Paul Simon—to endorse him with all the rhetorical goo expected on such occasions. But Jackson refused to play along. Instead, he took the role

of the iron-whimmed King of Siam.

After losing the final round last week, Jackson praised the nature of Dukakis' surprisingly successful campaign—but said he would remain in the race and fight for delegates not formally bound to other candidates. That tactic had some precedent, but Jackson's demand for first-refusal rights to the vice-presidential nomination did not. It was a noticeable hardening of his responses on the subject. Earlier in the campaign, he dismissed the second slot as irrelevant. More recently, he argued that his strong showing had earned him "consideration."

Last week Jackson redefined his terms. "Well," he told an interviewer, "consideration does mean offered. It does not mean just in passing." To a CNN correspondent, he indicated that he would press Dukakis hard: "I'm going to push him until I get a response." He contended that the 6.7 million people who voted for him (vs. 9.7 million for Dukakis) had earned representation on the Democratic ticket. When asked why he was now pushing for a job he once spurned, Jackson proved yet again how eloquently he can cloak his own ambition in historic significance. "For some people who have come by way of the stars and have had silver spoons in their mouths and many job options—Shall they run their father's ranch, shall they run his plantation, shall they run the family corporation? ... maybe Vice President is a step down for them. But do you understand my background? The vice presidency is not quite the top. But it's a long way from where I started."

Losers in primaries frequently attempt to console themselves by prodding the winners on policy questions. In 1960, for instance, Nelson Rockefeller extracted from Richard Nixon the "treaty of Fifth Avenue," which clarified stands on civil rights and national security issues. Jackson may be seeking more: the transformation of his campaign into a permanent movement within the Democratic Party.

**The victor: Will Dukakis be forced to back his rival Jackson off the plate?**





After Jackson asserted his claim to the vice-presidential nomination, Ron Brown, who has pretty much displaced Campaign Manager Gerald Austin, said Jackson "went further than he meant to go." Ann Lewis, another adviser, said he had spoken out emphatically because his earlier comments about his role in the party had not been taken seriously.

In fact, Jackson seems largely motivated by a desire to increase his bargaining leverage. His demands are in part a powerful gambit to ensure that he will not finish empty-handed. Among the things he seriously seeks, for example, is a uniform proportional-representation rule for future primaries to improve his chances in 1992 or 1996. The clichéd question of the spring—What does Jesse want?—seems to be yielding to a fascinating puzzle for the summer: Does Jesse know what he wants? And if so, what might he settle for?

There is no doubt that Jackson's ploys are making life difficult for Dukakis. He managed to win the nomination with little strife. Now he deserves to bask in a bubble bath of party unity, enjoying his current advantage over George Bush in polls. Instead, Jackson's carping about delegate-selection rules undermines the validity of Dukakis' victory, at least among Jackson's passionate following.

Making matters worse was the kibitzing of some supposed allies, most notably Mario Cuomo. The New York Governor, barely concealing what looked a lot like jealousy, had to be prodded by reporters into endorsing Dukakis: "It's an empty question. I gave the endorsement months ago to whoever came out first." After a bit more prodding: "I endorse him! I endorse him! I endorse him! There." He then went on to say, somewhat unhelpfully, that he thought Jackson would be good for the ticket. "How could you say no?"

Dukakis will have to find a way. Simply put, Jackson will not be his running mate. The civil rights leader's impressive voter appeal does not mask the fact that he carries back-breaking negatives, in terms of both his ideology and his personality. Like some earlier polls, a *USA Today*-CNN survey last week showed that Dukakis teamed with either John Glenn or Bill Bradley bests Bush by 6 to 8 points, but a Dukakis-Jackson ticket runs 7 points behind.

Dukakis is likely to consult with Jackson, and he may even give him a tacit (though unofficial) veto over the final selection. But any explicit concessions would alienate the crucial moderate voters necessary for a November victory. On the other hand, a blatant rebuff of Jackson would offend blacks, normally the most loyal bloc in the Democratic coalition. Dukakis and his advisers are thus maintaining a diplomatic silence, hoping that Jackson will pull back. If he does not, a Dukakis strategist predicted, "you'll have hell to pay."

Most frustrating of all to Dukakis is the sense that he has only limited leverage over

Jackson. His late-night foray to Jackson's hotel was part of a mutual effort to warm up what has been a cool, correct relationship. In his speeches, Dukakis frequently butters up Jackson, making a somewhat stretched comparison between his own immigrant heritage and Jackson's rise from poverty and racial discrimination. Yet Jackson's advisers, themselves divided over strategy, continue to complain that Dukakis does not understand Jackson.

Dukakis agrees with Jackson that the U.S. should be tougher on South Africa, but he declines to support the step of labeling South Africa a "terrorist state" like Libya and Iran. He might go along with yet another review of delegate-selection rules, but he is not about to denounce the present system as undemocratic. Jackson, who believes that Party Chairman Paul Kirk is hostile to him, might seek his replacement after the convention. If he



presses the point, Dukakis might sacrifice Kirk for the sake of amity. Last week Jackson admitted that he might back away from his demand to be on the ticket if he wins on other matters, telling reporters, "The ticket will be a consideration, but it will be one of many considerations."

On larger issues, Dukakis knows that satisfying Jackson would mean alienating many voters. For instance, Jackson argues for tax increases on the affluent and a significant reduction of Pentagon resources. As Dukakis fends off Republican charges that he is a tax-loving liberal dove, he can hardly embrace those ideas. Nor can he court Jackson too ardently without looking weak or Mondale-like.

A few mannerly floor fights in Atlanta on platform items could be a good thing for the party. They would perk up interest and allow Dukakis to continue to appear as the commonsense centrist keeping the party's left wing in check. But an emotional brawl over Jackson's claims to the vice-presidential nomination would ignite racial animosities and could leave the Democrats fatally divided. In their dealings between now and Atlanta, Dukakis must rely on Jackson's enormous savvy, and on his fear of playing the spoiler in a year when the Democrats have a real chance to recapture the White House. —By Lawrence L. Barrett.

Reported by Michael Duffy with Jackson and Michael Riley with Dukakis



#### Bill Bradley

Although reluctant, he is a top draft prospect because Dukakis respects his mastery of foreign policy and likes him personally. Bradley's stature could be a problem: he dwarfs Dukakis by some nine inches.



#### John Glenn

A moderate, still flying high because his home state of Ohio is the must-win column. But the candidate barely knows him, and Glenn failed to demonstrate the Right Stuff in 1964.

#### Jesse Jackson

Dukakis may say he wants a strong and independent running mate, but not this independent. Jackson's consolation prize could include a behind-the-scenes role in the Veep selection.



#### Bob Graham

An upbeat ex-Governor who wants the job, he could help capture Florida in the fall. But with less than two years in the Senate, he would not compensate for Dukakis' lack of a Potomac pedigree.



#### Lloyd Bentsen

Slightly shopworn at 67 and closely identified with the oil industry. But he once beat Bush for the Senate, and would tie him down deep in the heart of Texas.



#### Sam Nunn

A perfect hawkish counterbalance to Dukakis in the South, except that his conservative record is likely to anger the Jackson faction and he has all the pizzazz of unbuttered grits.



# A Tale of Two Childhoods

*Dukakis and Bush: upper-middle-class drive vs. patrician noblesse oblige*



Each summer of his childhood, George Bush went with his family to a sprawling shingle-and-stone cottage in Kennebunkport, Me., joined by assorted cousins and friends who could always find a spare bedroom, an extra tennis racquet. Days were crammed with sailing and tennis at the River Club, fierce games of backgammon and Scrabble at night. After Prescott Bush Sr., the imposing (6 ft. 4 in.) patriarch, arrived by sleeper car from Manhattan on the weekends, he would recruit a vocal quartet from the assembled company for after-dinner harmonizing. Family Friend Bill Truesdale describes those summers: "It's hard to imagine anything better."

One vacation that the Dukakis family embarked on when Michael was growing up lasted less than a day. Euterpe Dukakis had persuaded her husband, a doctor, to rent a house on the Massachusetts shore for a week. The day the family arrived, Panos Dukakis got word that one of his patients had gone into labor. The family immediately headed back to Boston. They never planned another long vacation.

The contest between Dukakis and Bush will be less about ideas and ideologies than about clashing temperaments and styles. Assessing such traits is always tricky, and never more so than in a campaign that provides little more than snippets of carefully programmed candidates. But the puzzle can sometimes be pieced together by examining the contenders' backgrounds, including the values and formative experiences of childhood.

From their earliest days, Bush and Dukakis were very different. Bush was the outgoing, eager-to-please son to whom athletics and grades came easily; Dukakis was a serious, hardworking achiever. Bush always wanted to be liked, and would do just about anything toward that end; Dukakis was willing to settle for respect, and may have even preferred it. Bush joined every social club that would have him (and most would); Dukakis spurned them.

Bush has an easygoing disposition and a raft of friends he swamps with notes and phone calls. Generous to a fault, he once opened his cramped apartment at Yale to a former Andover teacher beset by alcoholism. Dukakis is frugal to the point of cheapness. He has never

made many friends; two school chums he did have were sacrificed to his career. In high school, Dukakis cared so little for peer approval that he went around scolding fellow students for not putting milk cartons into the trash bin. His yearbook calls him "Chief Big Brain-in-Face." He did not have his first date until the second half of his senior year. Sandy Cohen, the girl he wanted to take to his senior prom, went with one of his rivals, so he checked coats instead.

The paradox of this campaign is that Bush, for all his youthful grace and charm, is now displaying neither. The effortless way he assumed leadership at Andover and Yale has vanished. By contrast, Dukakis, who lacked Bush's early ease, is having some success using the determination from his early days to master the political art of appearing warm.

Both Bush and Dukakis were blessed with families that could afford to give

them every advantage. But among the blessed, Bush occupied a more exalted perch; he was a prime specimen of the Wasp Wall Street elite that once dominated the Eastern establishment. The second of five children, he grew up in a nine-bedroom house in Greenwich, Conn., an enclave of wealth and power an hour from New York City. A chauffeur took him to Greenwich Country Day School; he played tennis and golf at the Flossy Field Club. Recalls his mother Dorothy Walker Bush: "Life was very easy in those days. We had a lot of help. All the children had a lot of friends who were always swarming around the house."

Christmas was spent in South Carolina at the plantation owned by Dorothy's family; summers at the Kennebunkport house, where college friends remember being met after a late-afternoon swim by servants bearing warm towels and cold drinks. Both families

*Michael Stanley Dukakis  
Born November 3, 1933  
To Euterpe and Panos Dukakis  
Brookline, Massachusetts*



*Wearing "erzones" costume*



*With big brother Stelian*



*With Grandmother Dukakis*



were well heeled. Prescott Bush, the son of a Midwestern industrialist, went to Yale in 1913 (where he was tapped for Skull and Bones, the most exclusive of the secret societies) and eventually to Wall Street, where he became managing director of Brown Brothers Harriman. After his children were in college, he ran for the Senate and served ten years, distinguishing himself for his incorruptibility and his early opposition to Joseph McCarthy. He died in 1972.

Dorothy Bush, now 86, was the daughter of a St. Louis dry-goods wholesaler, George Herbert Walker, who founded his own investment firm. She was the disciplinarian in the family, determined that her children would not grow up spoiled. Lights were turned off in unoccupied rooms, long-distance telephone calls were circled on the family bill, Cokes at the tennis club were prohibited; they could be had more cheaply at home. Possessions were downplayed; Bush offspring remember never boasting about a new car.

A onetime national women's tennis finalist, Mrs. Bush used sports to teach her brood the value of team play above any individual achievement. When George would run home to tell about his stand-up double in a baseball game, his mother would quickly interrupt, "Weren't there other boys on the team?" She recalls, "We

would just jump on them if we ever saw any poor sportsmanship. If they resented a decision made for another brother or sister during a game, they would be ordered to their room." Young George's first nickname, "Have-Half," came from his unfailing willingness to share.

But Dorothy Bush was also a blithe spirit, always happy to hit a bucket of tennis balls with a child or swim two miles off Kennebunkport in water that rarely got above 70°. Prescott Bush played a smaller part in family life, as fathers catching the early train from Greenwich did in those days. Most weekends found him swinging a 9-iron at the Round Hill links. When he was around, he brooked no nonsense in his children, although he would lead the singing at family get-togethers.

**G**eorge was always the star of the family, a natural athlete, no intellectual but a good student, liked by everyone, especially the adults. Somehow the other kids did not want to short-sheet his bed for this. "They accepted from the start that George was going to be the best in whatever activity," his mother says. "Someone asked me, 'Wasn't it hard for Pres that his younger brother was able to do everything so well?' But George never boasted, so it was all part of the family performance." The category that Bush's parents monitored most closely at Green-

wich Country Day School was "claims no more than his fair share of time and attention." George excelled.

Dukakis' upbringing was not as privileged. But despite his current emphasis on being the son of immigrants, he had all the advantages an upper-middle-class life could provide. Within twelve years of arriving in America at 16 with \$25 in his pocket, Panos Dukakis, the candidate's father, had learned English and graduated from high school, Bates College and Harvard Medical School, the first Greek immigrant to do so. Michael's mother Euterpe Boukis, a Phi Beta Kappa, was graduated from Bates twelve years after her arrival from Greece. Although the two had crossed paths briefly a decade earlier, it was not until Panos finished his residency that he asked Euterpe for a date. It was a no-nonsense courtship. Their second time out, Panos proposed.

By 1933, when Michael Stanley\* Dukakis was born, Panos had a thriving medical practice and could afford a frame house in Brookline, a well-to-do Boston suburb. Euterpe gave up teaching to raise her two boys, the first of whom, Stelian, was born in 1930. Although he worked twelve-hour days, Panos came home at 6 p.m. to listen to CBS radio news and have dinner. He sat at the head of the table, a formidable presence in a three-piece suit, speaking little and leaving early enough

to return to his office for several hours. The Dukakis prospered, but they are remembered by friends as close but not joyful, never relishing success as much as building on it. Panos had few distractions; he never swung a baseball bat or shot a basketball with his kids. Says Michael: "My dad was not an intellectual. His two passions in life were medicine and his family, in reverse order." The warmest memories Dukakis has of his father are the evenings he would make it home in time to tuck him into bed. Alexandra Dukakis, Panos' sister-in-law, recalls that Dr. Dukakis would drop out of any discussion about politics, preferring to sit back and watch. "Leave me alone," he would say when asked his opinion.

Michael (he was never called Mike) was a model and diligent son. He recalls, "My father was an Old World father in many ways. You had a series of things to do and you just did them." For Michael, they included bringing home A's, doing chores without being asked, earning his own spending money from his paper route, becoming an Eagle Scout and working hard enough to make first-string point guard on the basketball team. His mother pushed as hard as his father did. Dukakis remembers his father telling his mother when he was about 16, "If this boy doesn't slow down, he's going to get sick."

Assimilating was extremely im-

\*In honor of Stanley Gray, Euterpe's mentor in elementary school.

*George Herbert Walker Bush  
Born June 12, 1924  
To Dorothy and Prescott Bush  
Milton, Massachusetts*



*With sister Nancy*



*At age one*



*Holding little brother*



## Nation

portant to Euterpe Dukakis. She remembered the humiliation of being turned down for a teaching job because she was Greek. The children were to be as American as possible. Michael would stand before a mirror practicing his pronunciation. His mother has no memory of the Greek dancing her son now recalls taking place at family gatherings. "We were leading an American life," she says.

Adolescence, if Bush and Dukakis had any, has been blacked out by both families. No teenage escapades, no bad skin, no sullen rebellions. Says Mrs. Bush: "I used to wonder why people had problems with their children. I just never did." Mrs. Dukakis has to go back to toddler days to recall any acting up, a refusal by young Michael to change mismatched socks. Dukakis remarks, "I was never a particularly rebellious kid."

Michael adored his brother Stelian, who was three years older—shooting basketball in the driveway, happily wearing his hand-me-downs—but the relationship became troubled and competitive. If Stelian made the honor society, Michael was president. If Stelian was picked for the tennis team, Michael would be named captain. Euterpe describes them as close but intense siblings. During Michael's senior year in high school, Stelian suffered a nervous breakdown and came home from Bates College. While at home, he attempted suicide. Eventually, with medication and counseling, Stelian was able to finish college. But for the next 20 years, he was chronically unstable, aggressively hostile toward his younger brother, going so far as to distribute leaflets urging people to vote against his re-election as a state representative. In 1973, at the age of 42, Stelian was hit by a car while riding his bike; he slipped into a coma and died four months later.

Whatever sorrow this caused, Dukakis has kept it to himself. In his senior year he told Sandy Cohen that his older brother was too depressed to continue college, but never brought up the subject again. Boston Psychoanalyst Don Lipsitt, who has known Dukakis for 25 years, says Dukakis talked about his brother's illness mostly in terms of the medication he was taking. To this day, Dukakis will not acknowledge Stelian's suicide attempt, although his mother confirms it.

George Bush followed lockstep in his father's path: prep school, Yale, stalwart of the baseball team, Skull and Bones. Dukakis, on the other hand, broke with the expected pattern, deciding against Harvard in favor of Swarthmore, a small Quaker college near Philadelphia. A D in physics dissuaded him from studying medicine. Instead, he threw himself into politics, working for the 1951 election of

Philadelphia reformist Mayor Joe Clark. His first taste of squeaky-clean government. Dukakis still did not have much of a social life—no one remembers a steady girlfriend—and he did not join any fraternities because they blackballed people. He became a minor legend in college, setting up a dormitory barbershop to serve Nigerian students whose hair the local barbers refused to cut. It was a perfect Dukakis enterprise: high-minded and lucrative at the same time.



*George as 1948 baseball captain*



*Michael as Swarthmore hooperster*

Both Bush and Dukakis were Big Men on Campus. But Dukakis, by nature less popular, had to campaign and occasionally lose. Bush did not seek election so much as accept it. Despite a miserable batting average, he was elected captain of the Yale baseball team. He was tapped last for Skull and Bones, the society's ritual signal that he would be leader of his class. When it came time for his pledge class at his eating club to elect its president, Bush was quickly nominated, and he just as quickly demurred. "I don't think I'm the right guy. I don't have time for all this folderol." He was elected

unanimously. "Leadership," says Yale Classmate Stu Northrup, "always came to him."

Bush and Dukakis both joined the military. Bush on his 18th birthday in 1942, just after finishing Andover; Dukakis after finishing college in 1955. Although Dukakis talks about being in the "rice paddies in Korea," the war was over by the time he joined up. He served guard duty and used his free time to study Korean. During his 2½ years in the Pacific during World War II, Bush was shot down and won the Distinguished Flying Cross. He formed lifelong attachments, even with enlisted men, whom the other officers avoided. At a campaign stop in San Diego last month, Leo Nadeau, Bush's turret gunner, came out to see him. When reporters asked what kind of pilot the Vice President was, Nadeau said, "The best. I'd go back up with him right now if he wanted to go."

Strong wives have replaced strong mothers in both the candidates' lives. Neither man wasted much time looking around. George met Barbara Bush, a student at Smith College and the debutante daughter of the president of McCall's publishing house, when they were 17. Two weeks after George came home from the war, they wed.

Dukakis' marriage, on the other hand, was a pairing of opposites. Katherine Ellis Dickson (nicknamed after Kitty Carlisle), daughter of the first violinist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is emotional where he is repressed, profligate where he is cheap, high-strung where he is calm. Kitty, divorced with a three-year-old son, was not the Dukakis family's ideal choice for Michael. But they relented, and the two were married in 1963, when Dukakis was 29.

Bush is still decent to his core, like the child who could not sit by and watch a fat classmate teased or endure dissension for very long. His self-effacement and gentility, however, may conflict with the immodesty and downright crassness often required in the real world of 1988 politics. Dukakis has no such problem. He remains aloof and utterly in control, wedded to the work ethic and the conviction that he is destined to achieve. He can cut down friends when they get in his way, suffering no pangs of loss in the process. Each man has parlayed his own distinctive personality into a particular political style. This election voters may have to choose between a candidate with too soft a heart and another with one that is, perhaps, too cool.

—By Margaret Carlson. Reported by Robert Agran/Boston, David Beckwith with Bush and Michael Riley with Dukakis



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**HONDA**



# The Primary Lessons of 1988

After four months, 35 million votes and 50 debates . . .

*Already, just the names prompt small chuckles of remembrance: Alexander Haig, Pat Robertson, Pete du Pont, Joseph Biden, Bruce Babbitt, Paul Simon. Has it really been just four months since Iowa anointed Richard Gephardt and Bob Dole as the favorites? Before Primary Season 1988 is carted off to the Smithsonian, it seems fitting to step back and ponder some lessons of the campaign that was. After all, as the Duchess instructed Alice in Wonderland, "Everything's got a moral, if only you can find it."*

**The whys have it.** Those close to Mario Cuomo say a major reason he did not make the race was his inability to frame a

budgetary bravery proved that press puffery persuades few primary voters. Dick Gephardt's political stock soared only after he softened his overheated it's-midnight-in-America rhetoric.

**The appeal of the real.** The press is the Holden Caulfield of the political game, always on the alert for phonies. Gary Hart was nabbed for philandering, and Joe Biden was caught barking up Neil Kinross's family tree, but the media's primary target became Gephardt's populist pretensions. The Missouri Congressman needed to peddle the antiestablishment line to revive his stalled Iowa campaign, but he only invited ridicule when he im-

primaries. By frequently chastising Gephardt for accepting PAC support, Dukakis pre-empted any populist complaints that he was trying to buy the nomination.

**The great debate spate.** Not since the heyday of vaudeville have so many performers appeared together on so many different stages. After enduring roughly 50 debates, a numbed voter might rightly ask, "Where was the beef?" About the only beneficiaries of this orgy of oratory were Bush and Jackson. As the Vice President again seems to be turning himself into Mr. Maladroit, it is easy to forget how his hyperaggressive debate posture put a crimp in all the wimp talk. Jackson's dominance of the Democratic debates helped him narrow his credibility gap as a serious contender. There were also casualties from these protracted trials by rhetoric: Babbitt, plagued by near palsied facial contortions, and Hart, who returned



Poised for the early debates: they dreamed, schemed, claimed, blamed, addressed, confessed, soared, bored until the crew came down to two

rationale for his candidacy. It all comes back to the old Roger Mudd why-are-you-running question that reduced Ted Kennedy to stutters in 1979. Whatever their faults as campaigners, both Michael Dukakis and George Bush could handle these whys-guy queries. Bush declared himself the designated heir to Reaganism and a man whose resume had earned a final line. For Dukakis, the White House represented a chance to sprinkle Massachusetts Miracle-Gro on the rest of the nation. Sure, these rationales are intellectually flimsy, but they gave Bush and Dukakis a steadiness that most of their rivals lacked. Jesse Jackson prospered because of the clarity of his mission, while Al Gore and Bob Dole learned the folly of aimless ambition.

**Good news beats the blues.** Sadly, perhaps, a presidential campaign should not be confused with adult education. Or to update an Ira Gershwin lyric, "Who cares what banks fail in Yonkers, it is the upbeat message that conquers." Look what happened to the Cassandraes with apocalyptic new ideas. Jack Kemp's earnest seminars on gold-bug economics went the way of Pete du Pont's Iowa lectures on the evils of farm subsidies. Bruce Babbitt's

ported nearly 40 congressional insiders to join him on the barricades. In contrast, the blandness of Bush and Dukakis was often exasperating, but it stemmed so naturally from their personalities that no one could accuse them of being political changelings. There are, of course, limits to authenticity. Jackson was so real he couldn't make enough white voters accept his appeal. And the genuineness of Paul Simon's dippy persona carried him into the semifinals, but there was no way that a political Mister Magoo was actually going to be nominated.

**Money talks if nobody squawks.** An economic determinist would not be surprised that the victors were the candidates with a built-in fund-raising advantage. But in hindsight it is striking that the overstuffed larders of Bush and Dukakis never became campaign issues. The Vice President, in fact, only narrowly edged Dole and Robertson in the greenback derby; the difference was that Bush husbanded his cash far more effectively. Dukakis cleverly deployed a bogus PAC-man issue to keep his underfunded rivals on the defensive. Political-action-committee funding may be a problem in congressional races, yet it was a minor factor in the 1988

to the fray looking like the portrait of Dorian Gray.

**Reading, alas, can be deceiving.** Finally, a few words about the press, that media mob of 3,000 journalists who descended on Iowa like commandos hitting the beaches of Normandy. Certainly, when it came to influencing the results, the press proved to be a paper tiger. Despite his glowing clip file, Bruce Babbitt floundered in Iowa, while Bob Dole, the media's favorite Republican, was upended in New Hampshire—and later had the temerity to blame the press in part for his defeat. Reporters were doomed to repeat as gospel political orthodoxies that were soon outpaced by events. Try these on for nostalgia's sake. A sitting Governor like Dukakis can never be nominated because he would be unable to devote enough time to contest Iowa. The Bush campaign is a balloon kept aloft by a thin membrane of inevitability, so the prick of a single bad defeat will send it spluttering to earth. And that fanciful dream of reporters everywhere, with so many candidates in both parties, at least one of the races is certain to go all the way to a deadline-defying finish at the convention.

—By Walter Shapiro



## Nation

### One at a Time

*Separate trials for Ollie's army*

As he tries to ensure a fair trial for the four Iran-*contra* defendants, Federal Judge Gerhard Gesell has criticized the congressional committees that investigated the affair for vastly complicating his chore. The committees "were interested much more in what the President knew," Gesell growled last month. "They were chasing a rabbit they never caught." Last week he hinted that some of the smaller quarry—Oliver North, John Poindexter, Richard Secord and Albert Hakim—may also elude the criminal snares set by Independent Counsel Lawrence Walsh.

In its determination to bare the scandal, Congress granted immunity to all the defendants except Secord. That means their testimony cannot be used against them in a trial. But since the four are

charged with conspiracy, each defendant has the right to use statements of his co-conspirators that might show his own innocence. Last week Gesell ruled that the way out of this dilemma is to hold four trials. A jury thus could listen to immunized testimony that might help the defendant on trial in one case, while this testimony could not be used in the trial of the man who gave it.

Now Walsh must present the same evidence four times, using three separate staffs (except in the Secord trial). That is because prosecutors trying one case are not supposed to know what immunized testimony was used in a previous trial—a practical absurdity. Conceded a prosecution source: "There may be only one trial."



The priority target

Walsh told Gesell his first target would be North. But he asked Gesell to consider a novel alternative: trying North and Poindexter together but with two juries (one would leave the courtroom when the immunized testimony of its defendant was discussed); then doing the same with Secord and Hakim.

Should Congress have held no hearings until Walsh had his cases all set? Arthur Liman, the chief Senate committee lawyer, does not think so. "If Congress had

not given immunity, the country would still be totally in the dark about what happened," he says. Ironically, while the defendants protested the hearings as unfair, their hours on TV may eventually set them free.

### A Dose of Stronger Medicine

*Congress adds to the health plan—but not with Pepper*

For Anna Price of Washington, catastrophic health care means looking after her husband James, 78, a retired federal worker who has suffered for ten years from Alzheimer's disease. He can neither bathe nor dress himself. She frets about him constantly, and about how she will pay the doctor and the sitter who comes twice a week so she can go out to buy groceries. Even the \$25 a month she pays for diaper-like underpants for her incontinent husband is a drain on their dwindling life savings, now less than \$10,000.

Last week the Senate took a sizable step to ease the burden on the Prices and millions of other Americans by passing the Medicare Catastrophic Coverage Act, the most dramatic expansion of federal health insurance since its enactment in 1965. That same day the House derailed a bill that would have provided home health care for the chronically ill. It was a reminder that the Federal Government, too, has difficulty paying rising medical costs.

The Medicare extension breeched through the Senate (86 to 11) as it had through the House (328 to 72) the week before, largely because of its self-financing mechanism. The program is to be paid for by Medicare's 32 million beneficiaries, who will be charged an additional \$4 monthly premium plus an income-based surtax. Among the provisions to be phased in during the next three years is the cost of

respite care for up to 80 hours a year, which will allow many like Anna Price to hire occasional help. But the bill has little effect on the big-ticket item for 1.5 million elderly Americans: nursing-home costs, which average \$22,000 a year.

Nor does it cover long-term home care—a gap that Claude Pepper, the 87-year-old champion of the elderly, tried to fill with his complementary bill. At \$4.5 billion by 1990, the Pepper proposal appealed more to the heart than to reason. "This is a day for which I've waited and worked and I might say prayed for 50 years," Pepper declared in an impassioned plea to his colleagues on the day of the vote. "Think about the human values."

Congress was more inclined to think

about the cost, which Pepper proposed to cover by lifting the \$45,000 cap on income subject to the 1.45% Medicare payroll tax. Projections showed that this tax hike would cost \$9 billion by 1993, a prospect that brought out thousands of small businesses and the U.S. Chamber of Commerce in opposition. They were joined by the health-insurance industry, looking to protect its lucrative stake in private medigap insurance.

The day before the vote, 2,000 delegates at the National Council of Senior Citizens convention in Las Vegas took turns manning phones to remind Congressmen that the council's 4.5 million members were watching. The 28 million-member American Association of Retired Persons also supported the bill. Far more effective, however, was a letter-writing campaign by one of the House's mightiest chairmen, burly Dan Rostenkowski of the tax-writing Ways and Means Committee. He and Chairman John Dingell of the Energy and Commerce Committee were incensed that Pepper had struck a deal to bypass their committees and take the bill directly to the floor. Rostenkowski sent out a barrage of "Dear Colleague" letters attacking the measure, and it was killed on a procedural vote, 243 to 169.

It is not the last Congress will hear of long-term health care. Already the elderly absorb \$258 billion in federal spending, two-thirds of the Health and Human Services budget. Yet at present there are only 25,000 Americans over the age of 100. By the end of the century, there will be 100,000.

—By Ted Gup

Washington

MEDICARE'S BOOSTER SHOT		
	CLERKLEY LAW	NEW LAW
<b>HOSPITAL</b>	60-day full coverage, \$540 deductible	Unlimited coverage, \$564 deductible (in 1989)
<b>DOCTORS</b>	80% coverage, \$75 deductible	80% above \$75, 100% above \$1,370 (1990)
<b>PRESCRIBED DRUGS</b>	80-100% of costs for organ-transplant patients' drugs	50% prescribed drugs, \$600 deductible (1991)
<b>NURSING HOMES</b>	100-day coverage, three-day hospital stay required first	150-day coverage, \$164 deductible (1991)
<b>COSTS</b>	\$79 billion (1988)	Additional \$32 billion over five years
<b>FINANCED BY</b>	1.45% Medicare payroll tax, \$24.80 monthly premium and general funds	\$4 monthly premium increase; 15% surcharge on beneficiaries' taxes, with an annual ceiling of \$800 (1990)

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE LARSON



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## Nation

# Tawana Brawley: Case vs. Cause

*How a rape investigation has fired up a political movement*

When Tawana Brawley was discovered climbing into a garbage bag last Nov. 28 in Wappingers Falls, N.Y., her hair was partly chopped away, her head smeared with excrement and her torso marked with the words NIGGER and KKK. The tale sketched by the girl and her mother told of a horrific crime—the kidnapping, rape and abuse of a black 15-year-old by six white men, one wearing a badge. Last week, after six months of fitful investigations, a judge finally ordered someone to jail—not a suspect, but the girl's mother Glenda Brawley.

At that, the case lurched from the unusual into the bizarre. On the advice of lawyers, Tawana, now 16, and her mother Glenda, 33, have refused to help investigators. Through advisers, they charged that local authorities with racist motives were protecting the guilty. They demanded an outside investigation. When Governor Mario Cuomo obliged, appointing Attorney General Robert Abrams as special prosecutor, the Brawleys still refused to cooperate. Last week, after Glenda Brawley defied a subpoena to appear before a grand jury in Poughkeepsie, Judge Angelo Ingrassia fined her \$250 and sentenced her to 30 days for contempt. The confrontation then revved up to a higher pitch when Mrs. Brawley took refuge in a New York City church to avoid arrest.

"How ludicrous," said her lawyer, C. Vernon Mason, "for the nation to see that the only person arrested in this case is the mother of a black rape victim. People should be outraged." First, however, they should be puzzled. When Mason delivered that line, Glenda Brawley had not been arrested. Moreover, Mason and two other radical Brawley advisers—Attorney Alton Maddox Jr. and the Rev. Al Sharpton—had contrived the events that turned her into a fugitive. Nothing could have made the trio happier than the spectacle of police charging into the Ebenezer Baptist Church to capture her. Sharpton, 33, a minister-at-large with a rock-star haircut and a vituperative style, gave voice to their fantasy. "Show the nation the moral beast you are," he challenged the attorney general. "Come through these doors and arrest her." But police made no moves at Ebenezer church or the Brooklyn church to which the mother later shifted.

What was going on? Understanding the impasse requires separating Tawana Brawley's misfortune into two distinct public matters. One, relating to what happened to the girl, is the Tawana Brawley case. The other, a creation of the lawyers and their sidekick preacher, is the Tawana Brawley cause. The aim of the cause is not to solve a crime



Supporters of Glenda Brawley guard the door to Ebenezer church. Rallying inside: Mason, Maddox, Brawley, Sharpton.

but to fire up a political movement. For five years, Maddox, 43, and Mason, 42, have busied themselves in New York cases with controversial racial implications. They represented the black victims attacked by white youths in the notorious Howard Beach case, and Mason defended one of the black teenagers shot by Subway Vigilante Bernhard Goetz. At every opportunity, the two lawyers attempt to put the justice system itself on trial. Says Columbia University Law Professor Gerard E. Lynch: "Mason, whom I know, and Maddox, from what I've read, see the judicial system as fundamentally unjust and racist, and that's the key to their strategy and tactics." Maddox said much the same thing to support-

ers last week: "Every decision we made in the Howard Beach case and the Tawana Brawley case is based on how it will affect black people."

Blacks are not unanimously grateful for the attention. Along with whites, they remember that Mason unsuccessfully challenged Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau at the polls three years ago, and some suspect that the lawyers are not above advancing their personal ambitions. Moderates of all races have winced at reports that Mason and Maddox have established ties with the fiery black Muslim Louis Farrakhan.

Few could have failed to notice that for all the furor they have raised, the Brawley advisers have hardly helped solve whatever crimes were committed against Tawana Brawley. Wrote New York Daily News Columnist Bob Herbert, who is black: "If Robert Abrams or anybody else wants to send somebody to the slammer for contempt of court, Glenda Brawley has three high-profile advisers who more than qualify."

Unfortunately, little useful information has been added to the story that Tawana Brawley told last November about being abducted on a dark road and held in the woods for four days by a gang of white men. Journalists subsequently turned up discrepancies in the Brawley family's sketchy accounts of Tawana's absence. Witnesses reported seeing her at parties in a nearby town. Neighbors told of Tawana's prior disappearances and of violent conflicts between mother and daughter. Mason, Maddox and Sharpton subsequently tossed out casual accusations that Tawana's rapists included a Dutchess County assistant district attorney, a state trooper and a part-time policeman who shot himself to death days after the alleged gang rape. Local, state and federal investigators have found no evidence for their charges.

So while the Brawley cause has prospered, the Brawley case has got nowhere. Attorney General Abrams declared at week's end that unless the Brawleys turn about and tell what they know, the "investigation is not going to succeed." Given the prospect of thwarted justice, it was hard to argue with the view expressed by Manhattan Borough President David Dinkins, who also is black, about Glenda Brawley's new status as a fugitive. "I don't think any purpose would be served by locking up the mother," he said. "The rule of law is important, but this is a unique and strange situation."

—By Frank Trippett.  
Reported by Janice C. Simpson/New York





Rising star in a fading Administration: the Secretary of Defense figures he may have to cut \$300 billion—and that's optimistic

## Bringing the Pentagon to Heel

*Frank Carlucci has Washington's toughest job—and may even keep it next year*

*To understand American defense, think of an extremely wealthy man who has gone to a gambling casino for a long binge, gotten hopelessly drunk, wasted a great deal of his money and awakened with a severe hangover to find that he has married a woman who is a complete stranger. The man's condition is scarcely fatal, but scarcely one to be desired.*

—Defense Analyst Anthony Cordesman

That is a rare, fancy metaphor that can be backed up by hard numbers.

The Pentagon has indeed been on a long binge: in the eight years of the Reagan Administration, Congress will have handed it \$2.2 trillion—*trillion!* A good deal of that has been dribbled away in heedless, indiscriminate spending. Now the bills are coming due—literally, in the case of a number of supersophisticated weapons systems nearing production. Meanwhile, the Defense Department has

been forced by the overall federal budget squeeze to embrace a decidedly unfamiliar, and in its eyes hideous, new bride: austerity.

Which makes Secretary of Defense Frank Charles Carlucci III the man on the spot—and, simultaneously and somewhat surprisingly, the only rising star in the twilight of the Reagan Administration. Carlucci, 57, was appointed last fall to what looked like a caretaker's post, to pad out what was already the longest résumé in Washington (positions in seven different agencies—"one ahead of Elliot Richardson," he jokes). But acting like a caretaker is not in the nature of Carlucci, a far from faceless bureaucrat who boasts that in all his jobs "I don't think anybody has accused me of not having my say." Notably small in stature (around 5 ft. 5 in.), he compensates with aggressiveness and a reputation for wearing down opponents, on

the tennis court or in the corridors of power, by sheer tenacity.

Carlucci also has his adaptable and diplomatic side. As Secretary of Defense, he has drained away most of the poison that his predecessor, Caspar Weinberger, left behind in the Pentagon's relations with Congress and the State Department, largely by the simple expedient of respecting their turfs and their opinions. Coming from the National Security Adviser's job, he has retained a major role in foreign policy. In the past month he has turned up all over the globe: chatting with top Soviet defense officials at the Moscow summit; visiting Tokyo, where he urged Japan to share more of the costs of maintaining U.S. bases; promising South Korean leaders last week to beef up U.S. forces to guard against any disruption of the Olympic Games.

But it is in how he deals with the budget squeeze on the Pentagon that Carlucci



## Nation



The Navy's SSN-21 Seawolf attack submarine is expected to cost \$2.9 billion—just for the first one ordered



The Advanced Tactical Fighter to replace the F-15 does not yet have a name, but it has a price: \$50 million a plane



The Stealth bomber may be invisible to radar, but the price—\$80 billion for 132 planes—sticks out in the budget

may make his influence felt beyond the final year of the Reagan Administration. His opening cost-cutting moves have by no means been adequate to the size of the problem. Nonetheless, they have won him bipartisan respect. Says Georgia Democrat Sam Nunn, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee: "He inherited a nightmare at the Defense Department, and he has shown exemplary leadership by turning it into merely a bad dream. He gets absolutely the highest marks."

At the least, Carlucci's moves will set guidelines for his successors in dealing with the new lean era. Beyond that? Well, Michael Dukakis has praised Carlucci for beginning to face up to the hard choices that must be made. This has led to speculation that Carlucci, who has already served one Democratic President (as deputy director of the CIA under Jimmy Carter), might continue to head the Pentagon through a Dukakis Administration. Dukakis "could do a lot worse," says Senator Nunn. In a Bush Administration, Carlucci would be a natural holdover, as well as a candidate for Secretary of State.

Keeping Carlucci at the Pentagon might not exactly be doing him a favor. Over the next five years, he figures, the Pentagon will have to slash appropriations by \$200 billion to \$300 billion below the amounts it had planned to spend. A \$300 billion cut is roughly equivalent to the current year's total military outlays, from missiles to mouthwash, battleships to boots. And that amount is the optimistic estimate. It assumes that Congress will heed Carlucci's request to increase the Pentagon's budget each year by a steady 2% above the rate of inflation. While George Bush supports this idea, Dukakis talks of holding defense appropriations even with the rate of price increases.

On Capitol Hill, a chorus of voices warns that the Pentagon will be lucky to get even that much. Many members of Congress, searching for ways to cut the overall budget deficit, are in no mood to give the military any increase. According to Les Aspin, the Wisconsin Democrat who heads the House Armed Services

Committee, the slash in Pentagon budget authority over the next five years is likely to be "closer to \$422 billion" than to Carlucci's figures.

Cuts on that scale cannot be carried out by any nickel-and-dime process. The U.S. will have to reassess its commitments around the world, rethinking basic military strategy and the weapons systems needed to carry it out. The \$300 billion budget for fiscal 1989, now in Senate-House conference, gives only a mild taste of what is ahead. To get within those limits, Carlucci will, among other things, retire a Poseidon ballistic-missile submarine, two Air Force wings (total: 144 planes) and 620 Army helicopters, and scale back the proposed number of men and women in uniform by 46,000, leaving a total of 2,138,000. Some 20,000 projected civilian employees will also be dropped. Though Congress so far has bought these proposals, they represent the kind of compromise that pleases no one fully. Says former Defense Secretary Harold Brown: "What Carlucci cut is just tiny compared to what will have to be done."

To carry out the slashes required in the future, the Pentagon will have to steel itself to cancel some of the shiny new weapons systems that it is about to buy. Over the next decade, the services are to spend \$80 billion for 132 radar-invisible Stealth bombers; \$37.5 billion for 750 Advanced Tactical Fighters, the new jet that is supposed to replace the Air Force F-15; and an additional \$35 billion for a Navy version of a similar aircraft.

Then come the Navy's new SSN-21 attack submarine (\$2.9 billion for just the first one ordered); the Army's proposed Forward Area Air Defense system, a complex of sensors, guns and missiles to provide air cover on the battlefield (\$60 billion); and the bills for two more nuclear-powered aircraft carriers, approved by Congress last year (\$20 billion with escort ships and airplanes). The Administration is also asking for upwards of \$5 billion a year for the Strategic Defense Initiative.

Most critics agree with Gordon Adams, director of the Washington-based Defense Budget Project, that these weap-

ons probably can be bought "only at the price of a drastic cut in the size of the U.S. armed forces or a debilitating slash in spending for readiness" (training, ammunition, spare parts). The whole contretemps raises a harrowing but unavoidable question: Can the U.S. afford to pay for the defense it needs—and just how much does it need anyway? In his best-selling book, *The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers*, Historian Paul Kennedy points out that such dominant nations as Spain in the 16th century and Britain around 1900 began to fade in part because they were burdened by military commitments greater than their slipping shares of the world's economic activity could support.

Carlucci indignantly rejects any thought that this pattern is applicable to the U.S. today. It is "ridiculous," he says, "to say that our country cannot afford 5.9% of gross national product, approximately the current rate for national defense. Yet Congress is reflecting a judgment that gargantuan deficits (\$147 billion this year) will eventually cripple the economy. They cannot be significantly reduced without a whack at planned military spending, which constitutes 27% of the entire budget."

The fiscal bind is one that the Pentagon should have foreseen. Carlucci, who spent two years there in the early 1980s as the No. 2 man, has long grumbled, as have others, about the historic "sawtooth" pattern of defense appropriations—way up for a few years, way down for the next few. In the early Reagan years, reversing a series of deep cuts in the mid-'70s, Congress voted military-spending increases as much as 13% above the rate of inflation; from 1980 to the peak in fiscal year 1985, Pentagon budget authority zoomed from \$144 billion to \$295 billion. The Pentagon's appetite for deluxe weaponry swallowed up so much of those titanic sums that the buildup failed to achieve some major goals. Overall, it did bring a much needed improvement in U.S. combat strength. But Ronald Reagan's dream of an Army of 18 full-strength divisions, a 40-wing Air Force and a 600-ship Navy remains unfulfilled. The budget for fiscal



1989 funds 18 trimmed-down divisions, 35 wings and 580 fighting ships.

The tide began to recede in 1986, when Congress for the first time under Reagan cut the Pentagon budget below the previous year's. It did so again in 1987, and in 1988 allowed only modest growth, well below inflation. The 1989 budget will be the fourth relatively lean one in a row. Weinberger not only fought the trend, infuriating Congress by refusing even to discuss reductions, he continued to plan for future spending as if the Pentagon could count on once again getting a blank check. Last November, however, he resigned, to be succeeded by Carlucci, a veteran of 28 years in Government service, including the No. 2 jobs at the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, the Office of Management and Budget, the Pentagon and the CIA. Heading the Pentagon quickly proved to be his biggest challenge.

Weinberger left behind a budget request for fiscal 1989, which begins Oct. 1, that called for \$333 billion in military funding. Negotiators for the White House and Congress agreed to reduce that to just under \$300 billion—with no guidelines on what to chop. The new Secretary of Defense had a mere five weeks before formal presentation of the amended budget to find \$33 billion to slash.

Carlucci met the deadline and forced the Pentagon brass to come up with real cuts rather than paper ones. The Navy at first tried what cynics call the "Washington Monument strategy." That refers to the National Park Service practice of countering every budget cut with a proposal to reduce visiting hours at the nation's monuments—knowing full well that Congress would never allow it. The Navy's version was to propose delaying a 4.3% military pay raise and killing both a Trident nuclear missile-firing submarine and two Los Angeles-class attack submarines, all congressional favorites. Carlucci coldly ordered the Navy to drop that ploy and instead mothball 16 aging frigates. Secretary of the Navy James Webb resigned in protest.

Critics outside the Pentagon, however, feel Carlucci did little more than trim the margins. Carlucci scoffs at such sniping. Says he: "My phone is ringing off the hook from people on [Capitol Hill] who don't like my killing this weapons system and that weapons system." In fact, though, the systems he has hit—primarily an Army pilotless plane, the Midgetman single-warhead nuclear missile and an antisatellite system—are unpopular with either the services, Congress or both.

Carlucci is now working on some five-year spending projections, based on the idea of a 2% annual increase in the Pentagon budget on top of inflation. Robert Costello, the Pentagon's "purchasing czar," estimates that such stability could enable the Defense Department to save as much as \$30 billion annually through efficient management of buying programs,

rather than the fits-and-starts practices forced by wildly fluctuating appropriations. Nonetheless, Carlucci recognizes that squeezing under even a 2% ceiling will require a "very intense major reorganization of the defense program."

He insists that he will not cut deeply into the operations-and-maintenance account, which pays for such items as training, ammunition and spare parts and has been a favorite target for past budget cutters. He is also determined to avoid "stretch-outs," the common practice of maintaining orders for tanks, say, or fighter planes but buying fewer each year than originally planned. Stretch-outs often cause production to fall below economic rates, so that the Pentagon ultimately pays more for each tank, plane or ship.

Carlucci does talk about cutting "force structures," meaning numbers of troops, ships and planes, and of axing "lower priority, marginal" weapons systems, especially those still in the research-and-development stage. But so far, he refuses to chop any of the superexpensive weapons programs that such experts as former Defense Secretaries Brown and James Schlesinger doubt the Pentagon could have afforded even under Weinberger's spending plans.

Should Carlucci try to cancel some major weapons systems, he would have no guarantee of succeeding. Generals and admirals have become adept at making end runs around their own civilian chiefs to enlist the support of sympathetic Congressmen. And for all their bellowing about vast sums of money wasted on weapons that do not work, few legislators will vote for military economies likely to hurt their own districts. One example: the Pentagon could save perhaps \$2 billion a year by closing unneeded military bases, but Congress has not permitted a major base closing since 1977.

The upshot: many critics fear that, for all Carlucci's vows, the necessary cutbacks will once more be accomplished largely by the tried-and-untrue methods of stretch-out and reductions in readiness. Says Lawrence Korb, a former Assistant Secretary of Defense: "Already the Air Force and Navy are flying less and steaming fewer training hours than necessary, and already there are cutbacks in necessary operations and maintenance."

There is no painless way out of this bind. Arms control is a fiscal wash for the short term: verification costs money, and so will additional weapons systems required

to replace those being scrapped. But Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev, who is trying to pep up a stagnating economy, seems to be casting about for a way to cut Soviet military spending. He has talked about a shift in the U.S.S.R.'s military doctrine from offense to defense. That implies restructuring the Soviet armed forces, making them adequate to defend the U.S.S.R. but not to launch an offensive.

Defense Minister Dmitri Yazov took

### THREE FLIGHT PLANS

Proposed defense spending in 1989 dollars, from 1968 through 1992, in billions.



TIME Chart by Cynthia Davis

Congress threatens to maintain a course that only keeps pace with inflation.

this line in March when he met Carlucci in Berne, Switzerland, for the first extended get-together between American and Soviet defense chiefs. Carlucci's report: "I said, 'Fine, I hear you. But I do not see that [change in doctrine] reflected in force structure, and I do not see it reflected in your activities around the world. Until we do, it behooves us not to change our current policy.' " If the Soviets someday suit action to words, a mutual reduction in conventional forces as well as nuclear weapons could finally save both sides some serious money.

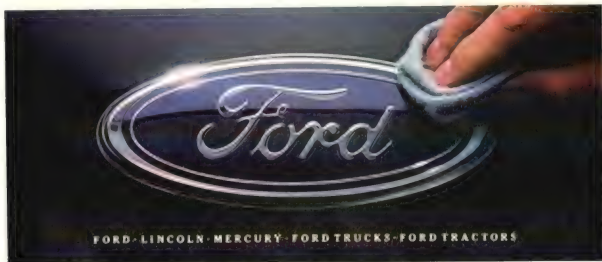
That, however, is a future prospect that will do little soon to ease the Pentagon's pain. And pain there will be, whoever is elected this fall. But Carlucci, limited as his opening moves may have been, has at least had the courage to point out the devilish dilemmas ahead. As a fresh and energetic figure in an Administration rapidly drawing to its close, he has brightened his already lustrous reputation—and just possibly his future as well.

—By George J. Church, Reported by Bruce van Voorst/Washington



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## American Notes



CONGRESS Wright in the hot seat

### CONGRESS

## The Speaker On the Spot

Sleaze is a word the Republicans have had to live with for much of Ronald Reagan's second term. Now Edwin Meese will have some Democratic company in the public dock. The House ethics committee voted unanimously last week to investigate allegations of unethical behavior by House Speaker Jim Wright.

The panel will probe six actions, including Wright's, pocketing of \$55,000 in royalties for a book published by a printer who did \$300,000 of work for the Speaker's last re-election campaign, and his use of an aide to help produce the book during office hours. Wright quickly released a 23-page refutation of the charges. He accused the 72 Republican Congressmen who demanded the inquiry of political motivations, ignoring the fact that Common Cause also had urged it.

The timing certainly was not propitious. Wright will become a household presence next month when he chairs the Democratic National Convention. The work of the twelve-member bipartisan committee is unlikely to be completed by the time the Democrats meet in Atlanta, but Wright's folksy style and saccharine smile may seem just a bit more strained than usual.



CRIME Tool of the trade

### FLORIDA

## Stalking the Wild Alligator

Protected from hunters since 1962, Florida alligators have made a comeback from near extinction to a population of more than a million. They became a kind of state mascot, fed by tourists and fussed over by residents—until last week, when a ten-foot bull gator lurching out of a lake near Sarasota and dragged off four-year-old Erin Glover. When law-enforcement officers caught up with the creature six hours later, they found the dead girl still clamped in its jaws.

Overnight the five regional offices of the Florida game and freshwater-fish commission were inundated with demands for alligator annihilation. Legally sanctioned revenge will begin Sept. 1, when Florida institutes a 30-day open gator hunt similar to those held annually in Louisiana and Texas. The kill will be limited to 3,000 gators by 200 or so selected hunters.

### POLYGRAPHS

## Ask Me No Questions...

More than a million lie-detector tests were given in the U.S. last year, 90% of them by private employers to their workers. Most polygraphs were for

routine screening of job applicants or random testing for deterring theft. Last week the Senate passed a bill limiting the use of polygraphs in job screening for all workers except security guards and those with access to controlled substances. The new law was necessary, said Senator Edward Kennedy, to protect people from "20th century witchcraft... inaccurate instruments of intimidation." An employer could still test a worker reasonably suspected of wrongdoing. But the bill would prohibit firing or disciplining an employee solely on the basis of a polygraph test—or a refusal to take one.

### CRIME

## The Stain Game

"Distraction" crimes, the pick-pocket's stock-in-trade, have taken on a distinctive flavor in Miami, New York City and Los Angeles. At airports, hotels and shopping malls, seemingly helpful strangers approach a "mark," point to a dribble of catsup on his or her coat, and offer a tissue to remove it. While the victim cleans up, a second thief cleans out the purse, briefcase or shopping bag.

How does the catsup get there? From those squirtable little packages conveniently available at any fast-food outlet. When police arrested three

thieves in Bal Harbour, Fla., the pickpocket's car was filled with the tools of their profession: packets of catsup, white tissues and a sharp pinpoint punch.

### DRUGS

## Less Than Zero Tolerance

Ordering drug offenders to register with the police, revoking their driver's licenses, marking their cars with bumper stickers. Requiring federally subsidized landlords to certify that their dwellings are drug free. These and other stringent proposals to combat the drug epidemic are under consideration by the National Drug Policy Board, headed by Attorney General Edwin Meese.

The recommendations came from U.S. Customs Commissioner William von Raab, architect of the Administration's controversial zero-tolerance program, which briefly made headlines with the seizure of huge yachts found to be carrying minute amounts of drugs. Some suggestions are mild—withholding some federal aid from states that fail to adopt strict antidrug policies. Others are radical—flooding the market with "benign pseudo drugs" to confuse users. Says Von Raab: "The American people are going to have to suffer some inconvenience in order to win this war."



FLORIDA Taking the gator issue into his own hands





THE GULF

# Iran on the Defensive

*Military setbacks aggravate tension at home*

**H**ow battered is Iran? The question is being asked more and more frequently these days, not only in Arab chanceries but also in Washington and the capitals of Western Europe, as Tehran attempts to cope with a series of unexpected setbacks. After nearly eight years of war with Iraq, Iran suddenly finds itself on the defensive, forced to regroup and rebuild after decisive defeats at the hands of the Iraqi army. The battlefield losses in turn have increased tensions between radical and moderate factions among the ruling mullahs and led the Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini to bestow his title of commander in chief to Hashemi Rafsanjani, the powerful Speaker of Parliament.

On the diplomatic front, Iran is as isolated as ever, especially from its Arab neighbors. At last week's Arab summit in Algiers, the leaders declared that the 21-member Arab League was "in total solidarity with Iraq and its defense of its national territories." Alone among the Arabs, Syria, which supports Iran, raised mild objections to the statement.

Hardly anyone, within the region or without, believes the Khomeini regime is about to dissolve, although once again rumors are flying that the Iranian leader is seriously ill. Certainly his rhetoric remains harsh and unyielding. "The fate of the war will be decided on the war fronts, not through negotiations," Khomeini, 87, declared in a speech read by his son Ahmed at the opening of Iran's newly elected Parliament two weeks ago. "Victory will be ours."

But will it? Among military and political analysts in the West, hope is growing that at long last the war in the gulf may be winding down to a defensive stalemate. For the first time since the war began, the military initiative in the conflict, which has caused an estimated million casualties on both sides, has decisively turned in favor of Iraq. Morale among Iran's soldiers is said to be low. "The Iranians have suffered a tremendous psychological blow," says former Gulf Diplomat James Placke. "It has left them in political disarray."

Cracks in Tehran's confidence became visible late last February, after the Iranians revived the so-called war of the cities by firing two missiles into Baghdad, the capital, and Basra, the key port city in the south. The Iraqis reacted in kind. Rockets fell on Tehran, on the holy city of Qum and other Iranian towns, and sent civilians fleeing. Between Feb. 29 and April 19, when the missile war was halted, Iraq fired 160 Soviet-made Scud-B missiles, which had been modified to increase their range beyond the normal 175 miles.

The bombs killed and wounded hundreds in Tehran and other cities.

At about the same time, Iran launched what at first appeared to be a successful offensive into northern Iraq. The push was stopped by a counterattack in which the Iraqis, according to the Iranians, used poison gas; hundreds of Iraq's own civilians perished in the city of Halabja. Iran Expert Shaul Bakhash of George Mason University says the combination of Iraqi missile and chemical attacks disheartened the Iranians. "It



## HUSSEIN

The Iraqi President's portrait outside the capital. For the first time since 1960, Baghdad is on the offensive

## TRIUMPH

An Iraqi soldier flashes the victory sign after helping to relieve the siege of Basra. Iranian troops fled almost without a fight





brought home to them for the first time that they were exposed and alone."

In April, Iraq rolled into an offensive of its own, the first major attack since it invaded Iran in 1980. In a 36-hour blitz, the Seventh Army Corps, supported by President Saddam Hussein's elite Presidential Guard, retook the Fao peninsula, a finger of land at Iraq's southern tip that Iran had occupied after weeks of bloody fighting in February 1986. An estimated 20,000 Iranian troops were routed; 3,000 were killed, wounded or captured. A day after the Fao disaster, Iranian naval forces clashed in the gulf with U.S. ships that had just demolished Iran's offshore oil platform near Sirri Island in retaliation for mine damage done to the frigate U.S.S. *Samuel B. Roberts*. The engagement cost Iran six ships, including two of its four frigates.

Finally, on May 25, Iraqi forces threw Iranian troops out of an important salient: territory east of the port of Basra that had been a staging area for Iranian artillery bombardments of the city. The operation reportedly took just five hours, with the Iranians putting up only token resistance.

The military setbacks coincided with an intense struggle in Iran between radical and conservative factions during the run-up to elections for the 270-seat Parliament. In two rounds of voting, the radicals, who favor extensive land redistribution and other measures intended to help the poor, defeated conservative mullahs allied with the *bazaaris*, or well-off urban

merchants, and landowners. Khomeini and Son Ahmed backed the radicals.

One of the more potent Khomeini loyalists is Rafsanjani, 53, who last week was re-elected Speaker of Parliament. That post, combined with his new designation as commander in chief, makes him the most powerful leader below Khomeini. Because he does not have the necessary religious credentials, Rafsanjani will never be able to inherit the Ayatullah's mantle. He may instead be content to serve as the power behind the throne of Ayatullah Hussein Ali Montazeri, Khomeini's designated successor as spiritual leader. But by assuming his new military duties Rafsanjani also risks becoming a scapegoat for future Iranian defeats.

**W**hile Rafsanjani is considered a pragmatist known to want an end to the war, for the moment his rhetoric is as militant as Khomeini's. At a prayer meeting after his appointment as commander in chief, Rafsanjani spoke of the "infallible determination of Iran to pursue the war against Iraq, no matter what the cost."

The cost is already high. "Tehran has become a city of misery," says a middle-class exile who just returned to Europe after five months in her homeland. "The wealthy get along because they can buy things on the black market. I don't know how the poor manage." Prices of staples like butter and eggs are rising as much as 15% a week, she reports, if they are avail-

able at all. Civil service pay is three to four months in arrears. For a while, Iran Air, the national carrier, accepted only U.S. dollars in payment for tickets because Tehran needed the scarce hard currency.

More important, the military setbacks have crimped Tehran's ability to finance the war. Thomas McNaughton of the Brookings Institution in Washington says that Iraqi air strikes against oil refineries in Tehran and Tabriz so severely cut production that the regime was forced to import refined petroleum products to meet its domestic needs. The U.S. destruction of the Sirri platform, says McNaughton, reduced crude output by 150,000 bbl. a day. Nonetheless, Iran still manages to export 2 million to 2.4 million bbl. of oil a day.

U.N. Secretary-General Javier Pérez de Cuellar has meantime revived efforts to bring into force a Security Council resolution calling for a cease-fire in the gulf. While Iran has reportedly dropped its demand that President Hussein be deposed before there can be a truce, the Khomeini regime still refuses to accept the U.N. resolution until Iraq admits that it started the conflict. The Iraqis, confident in the wake of their military successes, are not about to make that concession. Thus the war is likely to continue, if at a lower level, and increasing numbers of Iranians may come to feel, as Rafsanjani remarked after the Fao peninsula defeat, that "time is no longer on our side."

—By Michael S. Serrill

Reported by Dean Fischer/Cairo and Murray J. Galt/Washington



#### RAFSANJANI

As the new commander in chief, the Speaker of Parliament is now No. 2 behind Khomeini. But he might also be a scapegoat

#### SUFFERING

The Ayatollah watches over a wounded Revolutionary Guard at a Tehran hospital. Many Iranians now feel scared and disheartened



## MIDDLE EAST

## The P.L.O.: Back Onstage

*After a period of decline, Arafat's stock gets a boost*

From the moment his white executive jet touched down on the Algiers tarmac last week, Yasser Arafat enjoyed a welcome befitting a head of state. An honor guard stood at attention under the Mediterranean sun as Algerian President Chadli Bendjedid pressed his greetings. Later the resilient chairman of the Palestine Liberation Organization took his place among 20 Kings, Emirs, Presidents and other leaders who had assembled for a three-day Arab summit.

It was a remarkable reversal for Arafat, who had been snubbed at the Arab parley in Amman just seven months earlier. Last week, as the Arab leaders attempted to forge a united response to the continuing *intifadeh* (uprising) by Palestinians in the West Bank and Gaza, the P.L.O. once again seemed to be bouncing back in Arab estimation. Earlier in the week, the Palestinian cause (though not the P.L.O.) received a boost from Secretary of State George Shultz during a five-day tour to promote a U.S.-sponsored regional peace plan. "The fate of Zionism and Palestinian nationalism are interdependent," he said in Cairo. A day later, Shultz berated Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir for Israel's failure to consider Palestinian rights. "The continued occu-



The chairman at the Arab summit in Algiers  
*A welcome befitting a head of state.*

pation of the West Bank and Gaza and the frustration of Palestinian rights is a dead-end street," he argued.

Arafat's reception in Algiers contrasted with the setbacks of the past six years. In 1982 the Israeli invasion of Lebanon scattered Arafat and the P.L.O. into exile across the Arab world. A year later, a feud with Assad led to Arafat's expulsion from Syria, then from Lebanon. In 1986 Jordan's King Hussein angrily dissolved an agreement under which a Jordanian-Palestinian delegation would conduct peace negotiations with Israel.

Arafat can claim little responsibility for the eruption of anger in the occupied territories last December. It took several weeks for the P.L.O. to align itself with the *intifadeh's* loose-knit command. To this day, the bulk of *intifadeh* authority resides with local popular committees. Still, the *intifadeh's* young leaders recognize the P.L.O.'s role as a touchstone for Palestinians who live both inside and outside the occupied territories. The uprising has also improved the P.L.O.'s image. For years, violence and terror were important weapons in the campaign for independence. The *intifadeh* has changed perceptions, painting the Palestinians as ill-armed victims of Israeli truncheons and gunfire. Israel did its share to bolster sympathy for the P.L.O. by sending to Tunis the hit team that in April assassinated the organization's military commander, Khalil al-Wazir.

Violence nonetheless continues to plague the occupied territories. The Israeli-appointed mayor of the West Bank town of El Bireh was stabbed outside his office last week, presumably by Palestinian radicals who have warned Arab officials against cooperation with the occupiers. A day earlier, a nine-month-old Palestinian girl lost her left eye to an Israeli rubber bullet fired during a clash between soldiers and protesters. Two days later, a Palestinian was killed near Nablus. The six-month toll: more than 200 Palestinians dead, 5,000 wounded. ■

## SOUTH AFRICA

## Fighting On

*Blacks call a general strike*

The narrow streets of downtown Johannesburg were strangely silent last week. Black workers and shoppers who normally jam the district by day were nowhere to be seen. Stores did desultory business; restaurants closed their doors. In Soweto, the sprawling black township outside Johannesburg, residents remained inside their homes.

For three days, 2 million to 3 million black South Africans stayed away from their jobs and classrooms in what was perhaps the nation's biggest and longest general strike. Organized by the Congress of South African Trade Unions, a 700,000-member black umbrella group, the walkout proved that Pretoria's two-year-old state of emergency—renewed last week for another year—had failed to crush opponents of apartheid. The general strike, protesting proposed changes that would toughen South Africa's already restrictive labor laws, defied a

February order that banned COSATU and 17 other militant groups from all political action.

Labeled a "national peaceful protest" to skirt the February ban, the walkout paralyzed manufacturing and transportation throughout the country. Nearly 80% of black service and industrial employees stayed off the job in Johannesburg and other major cities. The Association of Chambers of Commerce estimated the cost of the protest at \$250 million nation-

wide. The sector least affected by the action was South Africa's important mining industry, where less than 10% of black workers put down their tools. Most miners, who live at the mines and are insulated from the political passions of the townships, simply walked to work.

Elsewhere, sporadic violence punctuated the event. Mobs attacked bus drivers and taxi owners who refused to stay off the road; dozens of buses were stoned and fire bombed. One fire-bomb victim died

in Natal province, where police reported eleven deaths during the three days.

By and large, police and government officials avoided cracking down on the protest. In Cape Town, Minister of Manpower Pieter du Plessis offered to discuss the proposed labor-law amendments with COSATU. He declared that the controversial bill, which bans sympathy walkouts and, according to COSATU, encourages management to sue unions for losses incurred through unlawful strikes, was not in its final form. The conciliatory statement confirmed that despite two years of repression, black labor unions could still make their voices heard. ■



No-go bus stop: a nearly deserted Soweto station during the walkout





Suddenly a desultory campaign turns into a bitter traditional battle: Premier Rocard stumps last week for a victory in Paris

## World

FRANCE

### Mitterrand's Short Coattails

*In the second round, grumpy voters write a recipe for confusion*

President François Mitterrand had tried at first to remain above the parliamentary election battle. The 71-year-old Socialist, after all, had won re-election hardly only five weeks earlier largely by promising to bring a measure of consensus to a confrontational style of politics. Last week, though, as a desultory legislative campaign suddenly turned into the traditionally bitter left-right duel, Mitterrand decided it was time to intervene on behalf of the embattled left. "I ask Frenchwomen and Frenchmen to confirm the vote they delivered in the second round of the presidential election last May 8," he declared at his weekly Cabinet meeting. "To carry out my mission, I need a stable majority."

As the voters queued up at the ballot boxes on Sunday, it appeared that they were not ready to oblige the President. Early computer projections showed the Socialists running in a virtual dead heat with the conservatives, each claiming some 275 seats in the 577-member Assembly—well short of the 289 needed for a majority. The Communists appeared to have won 25 seats, and the far right only 2. The indecisive result was a recipe for political confusion that posed a major dilemma for Mitterrand. The President would either have to bring the Communist Party into a new leftist coalition, something neither he nor the Communists appeared to want, or would need to attract other coalition partners, presumably among the centrists.

Mitterrand's last-minute presidential plunge into the campaign reflected real Socialist fears that the French electorate, apparently in an unpredictable mood, was capable of anything—including the return of a conservative majority. The Socialists, who initially expected a landslide victory on the strength of Mitterrand's electoral momentum, faltered in the first round of balloting on June 5. The party won only 37.5% of the vote, compared with 40.5% for the conservative alliance comprising the neo-Gaullist Rassemblement pour la République and the center-right Union pour la Démocratie Française. The Communists, written off after their 6.8% score in the presidential race, bounced back to 11.3%. At the other extreme, the ultraright, anti-immigrant National Front slipped from 14.5% to 9.7%.

Most intriguing, however, was the 34% abstention rate in the first round, a figure unequalled in the history of France's Fifth Republic. Clearly, the electorate was weary of politics after three trips to the polls in six weeks and almost a year of campaign maneuvering. In the presidential balloting, the voters had thoroughly surprised the pollsters, pundits and politicians. Few had expected Mitterrand's solid 54%-to-46% victory over Chirac, who resigned as Premier following his presidential defeat.

At the outset of the parliamentary election campaign, Mitterrand had tried to explain his "political opening" by saying

that "it is not healthy to have a country governed by just one party. There should be other political families taking part in government." But less than two weeks later, the President was pleading for a Socialist majority. What had changed? The emergence, said Mitterrand, of a new threat to the "values of freedom, equality and respect for others." That danger, suggested the President, was implicit in the electoral deal struck in Marseilles between the xenophobic National Front and the mainstream conservative alliance.

"A pact with the devil," said Interior Minister Pierre Joxe, a Socialist. At a rally before 8,000 supporters in a Paris sports stadium, Socialist Premier Michel Rocard and Socialist Party Secretary Pierre Mauroy called the accord an "inadmissible act that obviously has national implications." Conservative leaders defended the Marseilles move by arguing that without it the Socialists would have carried off 15 of the 16 seats at stake in the area.

The Marseilles accord dominated the campaign between the two rounds of voting, as party politicians haggled and bargained before Sunday's final decisive contest. Under the French system, any candidate with more than 12.5% of the vote in the first round can stay in the race. In 455 of the country's 577 constituencies, no candidate emerged with a majority in the first round, which left plenty of room for horse trading. By agreement between the Socialists and the Communists, the trailing candidate from the two parties regularly stepped aside in favor of the one more likely to win. The same kind of arrangement with Jean-Marie Le Pen, though, stirred controversy at



# WHY GOING FOR THE

# GOLD COSTS SO MUCH GREEN

## A tradition of private support

By any standard, American athletes made history at the 1984 Olympic Games. The U.S. Teams racked up a whopping 174 medals, including 83 gold. Yet, before a single starting pistol was fired in Los Angeles and Sarajevo, a very different sort of record had already been established: Americans, through individual and corporate contributions to the United States Olympic Committee (USOC), had raised more than \$86 million for the U.S. Olympic Teams. By the end of 1988 the USOC is expected to have generated approximately \$150 million in support of the squads that competed in Calgary, Canada, and will compete in Seoul, Korea. As the old saying goes: "America doesn't send its Teams to the Games. Americans do."

No other nation's citizens can make such a claim. Of the 167 National Olympic Committees which are eligible to participate in the Olympics, only the USOC supports its Teams without a direct operating subsidy from its national government—a process that relies heavily on contributions from the public. Fund-raising is spearheaded nationally by a direct-mail campaign and carried on at the state level by a network of regional volunteers. Corporate sponsorships and revenues from licensing—the practice of awarding "Official Olympic Team" sponsor status to certain products—fortify the effort. "It's free enterprise in the best sense," declares current USOC president Robert H. Helmeck. "Sport, just like the arts, should be supported by those who want to do so."

Former USOC president Robert Kane (1976-80) believes in the philosophic appeal of the Olympics. A former collegiate track star who later managed the 1952 Olympic track and field Team, Kane adds, "I guess we can't say they keep international peace, but they are certainly one of the few forums in the world where so many nations can come together." William E. Simon, USOC president from 1980 to 1984, has a more pragmatic view of the system: "It works," he says. "We field our Teams with more efficiency and less red tape than any other country in the world."

The clearest proof of Simon's words, of course, lies in the performance of

U.S. Teams. But records and medals are only the final episode in each four-year chapter of the continuing Olympic story. That story, like the USOC budget, has been expanding since 1978, when Congress designated the USOC as the central coordinating body for amateur sports in the U.S.

Some 25 years ago, the USOC was only responsible for raising money to send athletes to the Games and supply them with basic equipment. Today, the organization does more than just prepare American teams for the Olympics. According to Deputy Secretary General of Development John Krinsky, the USOC is pumping millions of badly-needed dollars into sports medicine, drug education and programs for disabled athletes, along with its more traditional efforts.

## The price of competition

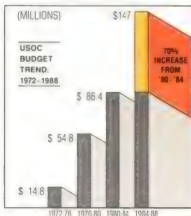
In 1977 the USOC opened its first year-round Olympic Training Center in Colorado Springs, Col., followed by a second facility at Lake Placid, N.Y. in 1982, and a third which opened at Northern Michigan University in 1985. The three centers serve more than 16,000 athletes each year and require an operating budget of almost \$19 million during this quadrennium alone.

The most significant portion of the USOC's budget is channelled to the 38 National Governing Bodies (NGBs) which select U.S. Team members for Olympic sports. While the NGBs have their own budgets, they still require

varying degrees of assistance. For instance, USOC funding makes up most of the budget for the United States Ludo, Inc. USOC funding also helps finance training, international and national competitions and clinics for members of the U.S. Shooting Team at the Olympic Training Center. Top caliber athletes involved in these programs have included 1984 Olympic

Gold Medalists Matt Dryke and Ed Etzel, and Silver Medalist Ruby Fox.

The USOC's "Operation Gold" provides small yearly living and training stipends to elite U.S. athletes ranked among the world's top six in their sports. Without this financial assistance, a young boxer like Kelcie Banks—U.S. Olympic medal hopeful for 1988—might have been forced to turn professional without ever reaching the Olympics.



*The cost of keeping U.S. Olympic Teams competitive has given rise to an expanded USOC budget. The demand for more private and corporate financial support has never been greater.*

## Donations still needed

Finally, the USOC has become "mission control" for an army of athletes constantly on the move. At the USOC's expense, they travel to the Olympics, the Pan American Games, international competitions, and Olympic Festivals in the U.S. These festivals boost regional fund-raising and increase public awareness of amateur sports.

Although the future looks bright for America's athletes, the USOC still needs continued individual and corporate support. Money may not buy talent, speed and determination, yet it gives U.S. Teams the training they need to be the best—and win.

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OFF OLYMPIC GAMES





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## World

a time when the issue of racism in France has become particularly sensitive.

In a get-out-the-vote drive at the Socialists' Paris rally, Rocard and Mauroy dramatized the risks of the right's returning to power. As green laser beams crisscrossed the stadium and a 50-ft. projection of Mitterrand played upon a giant backdrop, Mauroy cried, "The right must be beaten back." Rocard urged the supporters darkly, "Let's look lucidly at the results of the first ballot—the risk exists!"

Politicians generally were mystified by the first round. Rocard attributed the relatively poor Socialist showing to wide-

spread complacency bred by opinion polls that had predicted a sizable majority for the President's party. Another reason was probably voter discontent with the Socialists for failing to broaden their political base by finding more centrists into the government.

One lesson of the campaign may be that in the heat of the electoral battle, the old polarizing instincts proved stronger than all the talk of concord and consensus. Rocard, who had earlier called for an "opening of hearts and spirits," wound up evoking the threat of a rightist victory and starkly warning, "The choice is between

me and Chirac." For his part, Chirac rejected the proffered "opening" as so much hypocritical "window dressing to cover a precipitous election." Perhaps it was former Premier Raymond Barre who best summed up the mood of the electorate in the wake of Mitterrand's calls for a measure of U.S.-style bipartisanship. Speaking at a rally south of Paris, Barre declared, "The French people want an end to our political wars of religion." Making that kind of peace may prove to be the greatest—and most elusive—challenge facing the new government.

—By Frederick Painter.  
Reported by Jordan Bonfante/Paris

### ANTARCTICA

## How to Open Up the Coldest Cache

*A new treaty provides for the continent's development*

Is Antarctica a frozen trove of natural resources? Scientists first saw evidence 15 years ago that there might be oil beneath the area's coastal waters, and some geologists believe any such deposits could be the world's last untapped "elephants," as huge fields are called. Yet no provision existed to regulate exploration for petroleum or for anything else in Antarctica, a continent that has been run more or less by multinational committee since 1959. Now representatives of 33 nations have finally agreed on a treaty to govern development of all natural wealth on—and under—the southern land mass. Says State Department Official Tucker Scully, who headed the U.S. delegation at the talks in Wellington, New Zealand: "The treaty is a good balance between protecting Antarctica's ecology and potential commercial use."

Unexplored until the early years of this century, Antarctica holds largely scientific interest for Washington, which operates four permanent stations on the continent, including the only encampment at

the South Pole. In 1959 the U.S. and eleven other nations agreed on a treaty banning military activity and all nuclear materials there. They and eight subsequent signatories became in effect the continent's government. Members included the countries that lay territorial claim to parts of Antarctica—Argentina, Australia, Britain, Chile, France, New Zealand and Norway—as well as the U.S. and the Soviet Union, which do not recognize the sovereignty of any nation on the continent. Among other things, the group regulated scientific investigation and enforced a moratorium on commercial exploitation in the region. Like the original treaty, the new one sidesteps the issue of territorial claims.

Probing Antarctica's secrets is an intimidating task. Winter temperatures regularly plunge to -100 F, and the pole

itself is sunless for six months. But in recent years the Soviet Union and other nations have fished Antarctic waters for tiny crustaceans known as krill and for other seafood. Scientists suspect, but have not proved, the existence of uranium deposits similar to those located in southern Australia and South America, to which Antarctica was attached some 150 million years ago. The presence of other minerals, including gold and diamonds, is believed possible. But since most deposits would lie beneath an ice cap with an average depth of 1½ miles, exploration or recovery is not currently feasible.

Oil could be something else. During the past decade, at least eight nations, including the U.S., have conducted seismic explorations of Antarctica's continental shelf. But even if recoverable quantities of oil are discovered, formidable obstacles, including icebergs sometimes as large as the state of Massachusetts, would stand in the way of setting up drilling rigs.

Initiated on June 2, the new agreement is supposed to protect the continent's delicate environment. All 20 members of the governing group will have to approve the opening of any part of Antarctica to mineral exploration, and a series of applications and approvals will be required before development is even considered. The accord will take effect only after 16 of the 20 sponsors formally approve its terms, a process that will probably extend well into next year. Even so, many environmentalists oppose any thought of disturbing the frigid region. The treaty "is a sellout of the environment to mining interests," charged Kelly Rigg, Antarctica campaign director of Greenpeace International, an environmental group that operates the only independent research station on the continent. Greenpeace, which plans to lobby against treaty approval in several countries, wants the continent to remain an international wildlife park.

—By William R. Doerner.  
Reported by Jerome Cramer/Washington



Visiting geologist at work





# THE BIG PITCH.

## DAY 1

Loomis & Brunswick make the finals, and face the most important presentation of their careers.



## DAY 2

Recognizing their limitations, they make a shrewd decision.

"LET'S GO BACK TO COMPUTERLAND"



## DAY 3

Armed with tools and training from ComputerLand, Fred prepares the text for an impressive handout.

"GEE, MY IDEAS LOOK EVEN BETTER THAN THEY ARE."



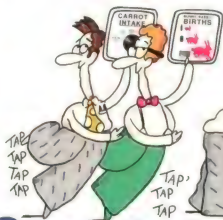
## DAY 4

Max designs graphics to support the text.



## THE ELEVENTH HOUR

They create overheads, revise the company brochure and rehearse.



## D-DAY

Loomis & Brunswick are awarded the business on the spot.

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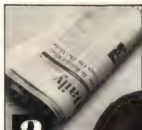


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newspaper...



**3**

Buy a few  
stamps...



**4**

Have a soft  
drink...

**5**

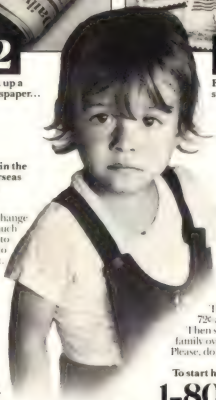
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Foster Parents Plan, Inc., 157 Plain Way, Warwick RI 02886

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☐ The child who has been waiting the longest, or as indicated:

☐ Boy ☐ Girl ☐ Either

☐ Any Age ☐ 6-8 ☐ 9-11 ☐ 12-14

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☐ Sri Lanka

☐ Mali

☐ Guatemala

☐ Thailand

☐ Sierra Leone

☐ Kenya

☐ Ecuador

☐ Sudan

☐ Philippines

☐ India

☐ Zimbabwe

☐ Enclosed is a check for \$22 for my first month's sponsorship of my Foster Child. Please send me a photograph, case history, and complete Foster Parent Sponsorship Kit.

☐ I am not yet sure if I want to become a Foster Parent, but I am interested. Please send me information about the child I would be sponsoring.

3314

☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs.  
☐ Miss ☐ Ms.

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Apt. # \_\_\_\_\_

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## World Notes



ARMS CONTROL U.S. troops dismantle a Pershing II in West Germany, while Soviet soldiers prepare to blow up a missile in Kazakhstan



### SOUTH KOREA

## A Halt to Merger Mania

Amid shouts of "Let's regain our national identity!" some 13,000 student protesters massed at Yonsei University in downtown Seoul last week. Their goal: to accompany an unofficial 13-member delegation to the "truce village" of Panmunjom, 30 miles away, in the Demilitarized Zone. There a matching delegation of 13 from Kim Il Sung University in Pyongyang, the Communist North Korean capital, waited to hold "reunification talks."

The protesters never made it. About 40,000 combat police, wielding clubs and tossing tear-gas canisters, blocked the roadways and chased militants who tried to catch north-bound trains. Some demonstrators fought back with rocks and fire bombs. By week's end more than 800 students had been taken in for questioning.

Reunification of the two countries, which were split in 1948, is not a forbidden topic. Every South Korean President has said that rejoining the two countries is a top priority. But relations between North and South are still hostile, and many South Koreans who cheered the students' successful push for democratic reforms last summer have reservations about the protesters' current cause. As the owner of a Seoul bakery summed it up: "I supported the students when

they fought for democracy. This time I don't understand them."

### ARMS CONTROL

## Practice for a Drawdown

Following the instructions barked by a soldier straddling the warhead section of a Pershing II intermediate-range missile, a squad of G.I.s from the U.S. 56th Field Artillery Command began to "demate" the weapon, manually separating its five stages. Olive-green shipping canisters lay open, ready for shipment of the components from West Germany's Mülhlangen Army Base to the U.S. An empty missile launcher was marked with white tape to indicate the spots where cutting tools would slice it into scrap metal.

Far to the east, Soviet army engineers near the Central Asian town of Sary-Ozek stripped SS-23 and SS-12 missiles of their guidance systems, then moved the weapons to a desert area and tied square "cakes" of explosives to their exterior. Minutes later, the pile of missiles was transformed into a fireball.

Both events were dry runs, staged in preparation for the actual dismantling ordained under the intermediate-range nuclear forces (INF) treaty signed at the Moscow summit. The drawdowns of both sides' intermediate-range missiles

will continue through May 1991. The commander of the 56th Artillery, Brigadier General Roger K. Bean, acknowledged that his men could finish sooner. But, said Bean, since the Soviets have 1,836 missiles to destroy, compared with only 859 for the U.S., the 56th will have to slow its efforts to maintain a symmetrical deterrence "until the end."

### EAST GERMANY

## Owning Up for The Holocaust

Ever since its creation as a separate nation in 1949, East Germany has refused to pay reparations to survivors of the Nazi Holocaust. Unlike West Germany, which has dispensed some \$43 billion in compensation to Israel and to Jews around the world, East Germany has argued that it had no responsibility for crimes committed under Hitler's Third Reich. Last week, after nine months of negotiations with the World Jewish Congress in New York City, East Germany agreed to pay \$100 million to Holocaust survivors "in need of material assistance."

Erich Honecker, General Secretary of East Germany's Communist Party, also announced that his government would rebuild the Oranienburgerstrasse Synagogue, prewar Berlin's largest Jewish house of worship, which was ravaged by Nazi mobs during the Kristall-

nacht violence of 1938. The East German leader cautioned that his country might have to dole out the money in installments, since it lacked the hard currency to pay survivors all at once.


### BRITAIN

## No More Free Nukes

The Labor Party has lost three consecutive elections to Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's Conservatives, and one big reason is the opposition party's stand on defense issues. Surveys show that Labor's promise to give up Britain's nuclear deterrent unilaterally is unpopular with nearly 70% of Britons, and even gets a thumbs-down from a majority of Labor supporters. Last week Party Leader Neil Kinnock announced a change of heart. British disarmament, he said, should be accompanied by Soviet concessions.

Kinnock attributed his switch to the progress toward nuclear disarmament made by Ronald Reagan and Mikhail Gorbachev. "We would be complete fools" to ignore that fact, he said. Conservative Defense Minister George Younger ridiculed Kinnock's new policy as "totally inadequate." Labor M.P. Eric Heffer, a veteran left-winger, charged Kinnock with "backsliding" and moaned that "my worst fears are coming to fruition."





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# We Can Work It Out

*The communiqué the Toronto summiteers will, alas, never produce*

For the second time in a month, Ronald Reagan is heading for a summit. This time the main topic will not be world peace and how to preserve it but a more immediate challenge: how to ensure the stability and prosperity of the global economy. The President will travel to Toronto on June 19 for the annual economic summit with the other leaders of the Group of Seven industrialized nations: Britain's Margaret Thatcher, Japan's Noboru Takeshita, West Germany's Helmut Kohl, France's François Mitterrand, Italy's Ciriaco De Mita and the host, Canada's Brian Mulroney. Inside the Metro Toronto Convention Center, the leaders will discuss such major problems as trade imbalances, protectionism and Third World debt.

Like Reagan's parley with General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev, the Toronto gathering will be notable more for showmanship than for substance. As they did after the 13 previous economic summits, the leaders will issue a predictable communiqué containing vague pledges of cooperation and general prescriptions for economic ills that have been left untreated year after year. Yet among economists in the U.S., Europe and Japan, there is an unusual consensus about what the seven leaders really ought to do to avoid a global recession. For starters, they should be ready to admit past failures, set aside nationalistic differences and take action that may be politically painful back home. After consulting with economic experts in the seven countries, TIME prepared this version of the "Economic Declaration" that the world wants—and needs—from Toronto:

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### Introduction

We, the Heads of the seven major industrialized countries and the representatives of the European Community, have met in Toronto from 19 to 21 June, 1988, to review the progress that our countries have made, individually and collectively, in carrying out the policies to which we committed ourselves at earlier summits. Although we can look back at a number of positive developments since we met a year ago in Venice, and can congratulate ourselves on having weathered last October's dramatic stock-market storm, we have been forced to confront an unpleasant truth: we have not lived up to our past pledges and thus are not doing as much as we could to ensure continued growth for our own countries and for the world economy.

Accordingly, and notwithstanding the likely political repercussions that await us back home, we have pledged not just to step up our rhetoric (although we reserve the right to do that as well) but to take firm and concrete measures to achieve greater economic convergence, exchange-rate stability, stronger growth, more open trade and greater generosity toward the developing world.

At the moment, the risk of a recession brought about by the global stock-market crash has receded substantially as business confidence and consumer spending have revived. Our economies have been growing at a healthy annual rate of 3%, and inflation is projected to stabilize over the next two years at about

3.75% on average. The debt crisis appears to have eased somewhat, and on the trade front, the U.S. has finally started to reduce its huge deficit.

### The Risks

This progress should not be allowed to mask the dangerous underlying problems that we have failed to address in recent years. In particular, there will be a con-

tinuing need for the U.S. to finance its unacceptably large trade deficit by borrowing money from investors in other countries. If those investors balk at any time, the result could be another sharp decline in the value of the dollar, accompanied by a steep rise in U.S. inflation and interest rates. That could lead to a worldwide recession and a renewal of the Third World debt crisis. Such economic turmoil would cause severe disruptions in financial markets, which have yet to recover fully from last October's debacle.

### The Remedies

To prevent such an outcome, we have individually pledged to take the actions outlined below. In general, we intend to bring our growth rates into closer alignment to help correct trade imbalances. To reduce exchange-rate volatility, our central banks will agree to specific ranges within which currencies will be allowed to fluctuate. We will not hesitate to use all available means, including central-bank intervention in the foreign-exchange markets and adjustments in our interest-rate policies, to make sure that the currencies stay within these so-called target zones.

In the current trade negotiations, we will push for removal of tariffs and other barriers that impede commerce. To show we are serious about this goal, we will move immediately to curb the wasteful subsidies that each country pays to its domestic farmers—subsidies that hamper agricultural trade and lead to



Illustrations for TIME by David Suter



## Economy & Business

overproduction and inefficiency. Specifically, we have all pledged to reduce our agricultural payments by 20% over the next year. If a country does not comply (and the staff of the Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development will be the arbiter), each of the other nations will subject selected products from the offending country to tariffs equivalent in value to its excess agricultural subsidies.

We have agreed that substantial debt relief is vital to the resumption of strong growth in the developing world and the creation of viable markets for our exports in the future. Accordingly, we will follow the example of France, which prior to the summit announced that it was canceling one-third of the debt owed to it by the "poorest countries," many of them former French colonies. For developing countries in general, we will forgive at least 20% of the debt owed to our governments. We will work toward a similar cancellation of private bank loans, offering tax incentives so that the cost of the action will be shared by the financial institutions and our governments.

On a country-by-country basis, we have made the following commitments:

**United States.** Notwithstanding the rapid approach of this year's presidential election, the U.S. has agreed to take tough action to curb its budget deficit. Specifically, the U.S. has vowed to slash the deficit by \$40 billion a year over the next four years, creating a rough balance by 1993. Although the precise methods of deficit reduction will be determined by Congress, the Administration has agreed to drop its long-standing opposition to tax increases. As a dramatic first step toward balancing the budget, the Administration will propose and push for a 20c-per-gal. increase in the gasoline tax, which with rebates to poor families will raise \$16 billion a year.

While the U.S. is an outspoken advocate of free trade, it still maintains many tariffs, quotas and other barriers. As a strong gesture of its intention to reduce protectionism, the U.S. has agreed to liberalize its quotas on imported steel by 10% next year and to phase out sugar import quotas over a ten-year period.

**Japan.** The country's growth rate in 1987 helped reduce its trade surplus by 15.3% last year, to \$96.4 billion. But Japan recognizes that the surplus is still large enough to be destabilizing for the world economy and has set a goal of reducing it by another 15% over the next year.

To encourage more imports, Japan will increase public spending and continue its program of eliminating trade restrictions. Along those lines, Japan has con-

sented to end all quotas on agricultural products except rice immediately, without raising tariffs on those products. Imports of rice will be considered within five years. Japan realizes, furthermore, that tearing down trade barriers is not enough. It will start a kind of affirmative-action program to increase imports. The government will ensure that specific percentages of its purchases are foreign-made. The goal for telecommunications equipment will be 20%, and in construction work, 10%.

**European Community.** To ensure the success of the plan to create a truly integrated market by the end of 1992, the twelve nations of the Community will introduce a common currency called the ECU on Jan. 1, 1992. It will immediately be legal tender

**Britain.** With one of the most dynamic economies in the G-7, Britain is properly committed to continuing its program of tax reductions and privatization of national industries. The only worrisome trend is a run-up in the value of the pound over the past few months. That has helped keep inflation under a 4% rate but widened the trade deficit, which is expected to increase by 64% this year, to \$25.75 billion. To control the volatility of the pound, Britain has agreed to join the European Monetary System immediately. In addition, Britain has pledged to work more closely with its continental allies to eliminate trade restrictions in preparation for 1992.

**France.** High interest rates needed to defend the franc have helped reduce France's growth rate to about 2%. An improvement will hinge in part on the willingness of other European countries to lower their interest rates and stimulate their economies. But France recognizes that it can help itself by maintaining consistent economic policies despite political uncertainty. The government acknowledges that it went too far in nationalizing industries in the early 1980s; it pledges to denationalize the automaker Renault and the National Bank of Paris within the next three years.

**Italy.** The country's 1988 growth rate is expected to be only 2.5%. But any desire to use public spending to spur the economy is constrained by Italy's budget deficit, which is likely to hit \$105 billion, or nearly 10% of national production. By contrast, the U.S. budget deficit is only about 3.3% of GNP. Italy has agreed to cut its deficit by \$20 billion next year, partly by ensuring that wage increases in the public sector are no greater than they are in private industry. The deficit reduction will allow Italy to lower interest rates, and a better balance between monetary and fiscal policies will promote growth.

**Canada.** The government of Canada is confident that it can push through Parliament the legislation necessary to create the proposed free-trade zone with the U.S., despite protests from certain parties and provincial governments. At this summit, Canada has pledged to lower barriers that block trade with other countries as well. As a first step, Canada has agreed to begin phasing out subsidies to its wine, liquor and fish-products industries.

### Next Economic Summit

We have agreed to meet again next year and have accepted the invitation of the French President to gather in France. We will be ruthless in assessing our progress in achieving the courageous goals outlined in Toronto.

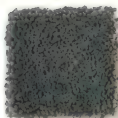
—By Christopher Redman/Paris



throughout the Community and will replace national currencies by 1997. The new currency will be managed by a European central bank that is independent of national governments.

**West Germany.** The government concedes that West Germany's projected growth rate of 2% this year is too low and its expected trade surplus of \$63 billion too high. The Germans have an understandable fear of inflation, but since consumer prices rose only 0.2% last year, the government can afford to stimulate its economy. The Federal Republic has agreed to advance to 1989 a 9% personal-income-tax cut scheduled to take effect in 1990. The government has pledged to reduce subsidies to the coal, steel and aircraft industries by 25% in the next three years.





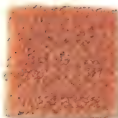
**BARBECUE SAUCE**

Nana Parara  
Bunkie, LA



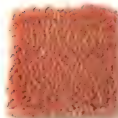
**MUSTARD**

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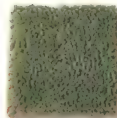
**COFFEE**

Linda Norton  
Dallas, TX



**CHERRY COUGH SYRUP**

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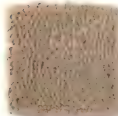
**FRUIT DRINK**

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Knoxville, TN



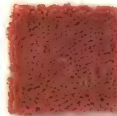
**AVOCADO**

Vicki Abbott  
Havelsch, IL



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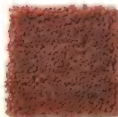
**DARK BEER**

Lana Woodward  
Honolulu, HI



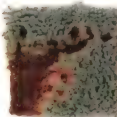
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## Economy & Business

### On a Wing And a Payoff

*Northrop faces an F-20 probe*

In 1984 Northrop, the Los Angeles-based defense contractor, turned over \$6.25 million to a company that was not a usual supplier. The money, which was ostensibly intended to finance the construction of a hotel in Seoul, went into the Hong Kong bank account of a firm controlled by Park Chong Kyu, a former South Korean general and owner of a Seoul night spot called the Safari Club.

But the hotel was never built, and Congress and the Korean government are investigating another possibility: that the funds amounted to a payoff to Park, who had important political connections in Seoul. Northrop allegedly paid Park, who died of liver cancer in 1985, to arrange for the Korean government to buy the company's proposed F-20 fighter plane. Had Park succeeded, the *Wall Street Journal* reported last week, he stood to receive \$55 million from Northrop. Congress is looking into

whether there was a violation of the U.S. Foreign Corrupt Practices Act, which bars payoffs to foreign officials.

If promises were made to Park, they did not good. Northrop canceled its \$1.2 billion F-20 program two years ago without having sold a single plane. The fighters, developed with Northrop's own cash instead of the usual Pentagon backing, lost their appeal after the combat-proven F-16s built by General Dynamics became popular with the Israeli air force and European governments. Then two F-20s crashed in 1984 and 1985, and the U.S. Air Force decided not to buy any of the planes, dooming the fighter's future.

Northrop admits paying \$6.25 million

to Park, who was known as "Pistol" Park because of his fondness for handguns. But the company contends the payment was a legal part of a so-called offset program, which many U.S. firms use to invest in countries that buy their goods. Northrop, claiming it was defrauded, is suing a group of Koreans allegedly involved with Park in the scandal. "We made the investment in good faith," a spokesman says.

Investigators for the House Energy and Commerce Committee are not so sure. In most offset programs, the company making the investment does so in installments, as funds are needed, rather than in the kind of lump sum that Northrop sent. In addition, the committee

wonders why Northrop sent the money to a Hong Kong account instead of directly to Seoul.

The latest F-20 revelations come at a bad time for Northrop. The company, long a target of Government probes into bribery charges, is under pressure from the Pentagon to improve the workmanship on its \$46 billion Stealth-bomber project and to speed up the delivery of guidance devices for its MX missile. Now Northrop must answer a round of new questions about one of its old mistakes.



The fighter was canceled before a single plane was sold

### Too Far Gone To Bring Back

*Liquidating two big S and Ls*

Even in an era of perilously go-go thrifts, the two California savings and loan associations seemed to be looking for trouble. One of them loaned money for energy schemes ranging from windmill farms to cow-manure incineration, while the other served as a whimsical and allegedly fraudulent investment machine for its owner, a former dentist. Last week federal regulators said they would liquidate the two ailing S and Ls, a drastic step for institutions so large. The Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corp., which guarantees thrift deposits, will spend a record \$1.35 billion in cash to pay off insured depositors (up to \$100,000 for each account) of Costa Mesa's North America Savings and Loan Association and the American Diversified Savings Bank. The payout, which temporarily slashes the federal insurance fund's cash balance by 40%, to \$1.9 billion, is likely to heighten the debate over the adequacy of the FSILC's resources to deal with the troubled thrift industry.

The Federal Home Loan Bank Board, which regulates savings and loans, tries to avoid cash bailouts, preferring to merge insolvent institutions with healthier ones. But the two California thrifts were poor prospects for such a rescue because they lacked loyal, small depositors. Instead,

the two institutions attracted funds from money managers who demand higher-than-average interest rates.

Under the ownership of Ranhir Sahni, a former airline pilot, American Diversified squandered the assets of the Sand L on ventures ranging from synthetic-fuel schemes to a national paging system. North America Savings was founded in 1983 by a dentist, Duayne Christensen, who made real-estate investments on be-

half of relatives and his girlfriend. Christensen was killed in January 1987 when the car he was driving slammed into a bridge abutment a few hours before the regulators seized his S and L.

The assets that the thrift operators gambled away on risky loans are mostly long gone, leaving the FSILC to pick up the tab. The Government is suing the managers of both thrifts for more than \$100 million, charging them with fraud and negligence. But most of the \$1.35 billion payout will come from the FSILC's reserve fund, which is largely composed of premiums collected from Sand Ls.

Federal regulators said last week that liquidations will remain a last resort in resolving the industry's widespread insolvencies. Of 3,100 federally insured thrifts, some 200 are considered hopelessly insolvent. The FSILC's liability for these S and Ls now significantly exceeds its assets on hand, so that the fund posted a deficit of \$13.7 billion at the end of 1987, contrasted with \$6.3 billion the previous year. But the FSILC aims to narrow that gap over the next few years, relying on income from premiums and other sources. The FSILC estimates that it will have \$20 billion available for bailing out thrifts over the next three years, an amount it deems adequate for the task provided there is no economic downturn. Yet some experts, including Bert Ely, a Virginia-based financial consultant, believe the cost could exceed \$50 billion. They fear that the FSILC will need a multibillion-dollar infusion from taxpayers to restore the thrift industry to health.





## Labor's Boardroom Guerrilla

Ray Rogers leads the union fight against International Paper

On a rainy morning, the United Paperworkers' union hall in Jay, Me., is thick with cigarette smoke, coffee cups and strikers. Some of the men and women are back from 6 a.m. picket duty at the nearby International Paper mill; others, despite the weather, will report for the afternoon. The union was locked out of one IP plant in Alabama 15 months ago and went on strike last June at three mills—the one in Jay and two others in Pennsylvania and Wisconsin—because of contract disputes. Despite the length of the strike, the members are hanging tough: only 5% of the 3,500 affected employees have returned to their jobs, even though the company has hired replacement workers. The strikers' hopes in a seemingly hopeless cause focus on one man: Ray Rogers, the tenacious labor organizer who eight years ago helped bring a union to the J.P. Stevens textile company after 17 years of resistance, and has led fights against many other firms, has taken up the banner of the United Paperworkers.

The strategy he devised to pressure IP is vintage Rogers. He is enlisting the aid of other unions, thus turning one company's dispute into a national issue. He is leading consumer boycotts, demonstrations and letter-writing campaigns against companies who have directors who also sit on IP's board. Thus the targets include Avon Products, Coca-Cola, Bank of Boston and the PNC Financial Corp. of Pittsburgh. In some cases, the leverage will be strong. At Rogers' urging, a district council of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees is threatening to withdraw \$15 million from a banking subsidiary of PNC. Reason: W. Craig McClelland, executive vice president of IP, sits on PNC's board. Such strong-arm tactics give hope to William Meserve, the president of the United Paperworkers' Local 14 in Jay. Meserve calls Rogers "the only effective tool we could bring in" and "probably the workingman's biggest friend."

Rogers, 44, whose consulting firm, Corporate Campaign, is hired by unions on a case-by-case basis, is one of the labor movement's most controversial and innovative figures. As architect of the "corporate campaign," a strategy for shifting labor disputes from the picket line to the boardroom, he has been involved in many of the major union fights of the past decade, including the successful battles of farmworkers against Campbell soup and flight attendants against American Airlines. While supporters describe his approach as a welcome addition to strike tactics, critics attack him as a glory hound who seduces local unions into pursuing his interests—publicity and influence over the rank and file—rather than theirs.

Whatever the judgment, in an era of union retreat, Rogers provides a rallying point for labor.

He could use another victory to erase the memory of a highly publicized defeat. In 1985 and 1986, Rogers helped orchestrate what turned into a long and bitter walkout by meat-packers at a Hormel plant in Austin, Minn. That brought him into conflict with the Union of Food and Commercial Workers International, which came to disapprove of the walkout and such stratagems as dispatching pickets to Hormel plants that were not on strike. Hormel eventually outlasted the

than doubled in 1986, rose 33% in 1987 to \$407 million and increased at an annual rate of 77% in the first quarter of 1988. Nonetheless, IP contends that its return on investment lags behind much of the paper industry's. Warns Spokesman Richard White: "If we don't get all our costs in line, we'll end up like the shoe industry, another tombstone in Maine."

IP's stand does not deter Rogers, the son of a machinist and assembly-line worker. Designing strategy in his Manhattan office, often dressed in a T shirt and jeans, he hardly looks imposing. But he can marshal large forces as effectively as many a general. Rogers has sent caravans of United Paperworkers—"caravans" he calls them—to gather support at the plants and union halls of other industries. The response has been encouraging: in April more than 8,500 sympathizers



The organizer, center, rallies his forces outside the International Paper mill in Jay, Me.

In an era of concessions and retreat, he is "probably the workingman's biggest friend."

strikers, and 650 jobs were eliminated.

Rogers' current campaign could be equally futile. Unlike most unionized companies, IP negotiates on a plant-by-plant basis. At present, only four of the firm's 26 mills are affected, a fact that mitigates IP's sense of urgency about settling. Before the lockout and strike, workers at the four plants were more or less happy with business as usual, at an average wage of \$13.55 an hour, and with considerable overtime, some mill hands were earning more than \$40,000 a year. But at several mills the company insisted on eliminating "premium pay," the double wage that paperworkers have traditionally received for Sunday and holiday shifts. In return for the concession, the company offered workers one-time bonuses ranging up to \$6,450.

The timing of the demands angered employees. The company's earnings more

from unions around the U.S. converged for a rally at the Jay mill, roughly doubling the town's population for a day.

Rogers has also staged demonstrations at the headquarters of PNC and Bank of Boston and at shareholder meetings of other firms that share directors with IP. The protests are only a small part, says Rogers, of the "transformation of the strike force into a powerful economic force." The real punch, he points out, will come from boycotts and threats to withdraw union funds from banks: only such actions will turn executives against IP. "I'd much rather see rich businessmen fight it out in the boardroom," Rogers says. "You can't embarrass them. You have to make them deal with real economic or political pressure." The question is whether the pressure will build fast enough to budge IP before the strikers lose hope.

—By Daniel Benjamin/Jay



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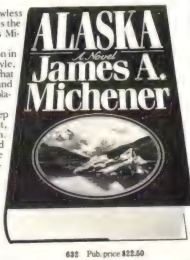
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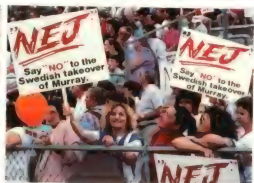




**AEROSPACE** The shuttle-rocket maker steps aside



**FAMILY FEUDS** Sellout



**TAKEOVERS** Would foreigners spoil the small-town spirit?

## INVESTIGATIONS

### Get the Show On the Road

No one could accuse the Securities and Exchange Commission of acting precipitately. After 18 months of investigation, the SEC has authorized its staff to file civil charges of securities-law violations against Drexel Burnham Lambert and Michael Milken, the firm's junk-bond king. But the charges are not likely to be actually filed until a parallel criminal investigation is completed by the Manhattan office of U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani, and that could still be months away. The charges are believed to concern deals involving Ivan Boesky, who is now serving a prison term for insider trading.

Responding to the SEC's move, Drexel Burnham reasserted its innocence. In a memo to employees, however, Chief Executive Frederick Joseph suggested for the first time that the company might try to negotiate a settlement with the SEC.

## AEROSPACE

### Countdown to A Thiokol Exit

Morton Thiokol, the company that built the booster rockets for the space shuttle *Challenger*, has decided to retreat from

its long and painful association with the shuttle program. Last week the Chicago-based aerospace and chemical firm said it would decline to bid for the \$1.5 billion NASA contract to build motors for the shuttle's next generation of solid-fuel boosters.

Thiokol's stated rationale is to concentrate on correcting flaws in the current booster model, which will be phased out starting in 1994. Company officials may also have concluded that Congress would be reluctant to award another contract to a company that was partly to blame for the 1986 explosion that killed seven passengers.

## FAMILY FEUDS

### Gucci's Empire Splits a Seam

Even though the Gucci family's feuds have often resembled a Florentine version of TV's *Dynasty*, the luxury-accessories company has managed to remain closely held since it was founded by Guccio Gucci in 1904. Alas, no longer. The company announced last week that a 47.8% stake in the corporation has been sold for an estimated \$135 million. The buyer: Investcorp, a Bahrain-based investment firm owned by more than 12,000 Arab shareholders, many of whom are prominent financiers and politicians.

Giving up most of their

shares in the Gucci company are the sons of Aldo, 83, the sole surviving son of the founder. A nephew of Aldo's, Maurizio Gucci, is still claiming 50% ownership in the firm, but his three cousins are contesting him in Italian court on the ground that he inherited his shares by forging his father's signature.

## TAKEOVERS

### Mowing Down The Invaders

The people of Lawrenceburg, Tenn. (pop. 15,000), have one word they want to holler at Electrolux, the Stockholm-based appliance maker: *Nej!* The term (pronounced nay) is Swedish for no and expresses the intense local resentment toward Electrolux's two-month-old effort to buy Murray Ohio Manufacturing, a Tennessee bicycle and lawnmower manufacturer that employs 2,900 workers at its Lawrenceburg plant.

Murray officers and employees contend that foreign ownership might harm the familial character of the company, which is still partly owned by descendants of Founder C.W. Hannon. In protest, workers have gathered more than 5,000 signatures, erected 60 MURRAY billboards and even staged a pep rally starring Country Singer Larry Gatlin. The firm's board has rejected Electrolux's offers of \$48 and

\$52 a share, but Wall Street investors think Electrolux is prepared to offer even more. Anticipating another bid, they sent Murray's stock to a high of \$64 last week.

## JOB SAFETY

### A Huff About Air in the Mines

If office workers can worry about the health hazards of poor air circulation, imagine how coal miners feel about it. When dust and methane gas accumulate in underground mines, the hazards range from explosions to lung disease. That is why thousands of miners turned out at hearings last week to protest proposed changes in federal rules that they believe would relax their fresh-air safeguards. Among the revisions being considered by the Government's Mine Safety and Health Administration: allowing methane levels in some mines to be monitored by electronic devices instead of human inspectors.

While agency staffers say the changes would bring no reduction in safety, the United Mine Workers union is staunchly opposed. Making use of a one-day so-called memorial period that is provided in their contracts, as many as 5,000 miners last week attended hearings in Birmingham, one of six coal-country sites where the proposals will be debated.



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# Technology

## The Case of the Missing Machine

*What in the world is Steve Jobs doing, and when will he do it?*

The news raced through Silicon Valley like a burst of electrons. Steven Jobs, 33, co-founder of Apple Computer and one of the world's most famous entrepreneurs, was set to unveil the machine he had been laboring on since he stormed out of Apple nearly three years ago. The computer press, having first trumpeted the device's imminent debut last October, then again in February, then March, then May, was crackling anew with anticipation. This time it was certain. On June 15, or at the latest June 16, the world would finally see the computer that Jobs has billed as the technological successor to the Apple II, the IBM PC and the Macintosh—a machine known only by the name of his new company, NeXT.

But as the due date approached, rumors of development problems began to leak out of NeXT's Palo Alto headquarters. Last week company sources confirmed what many already suspected: Jobs would miss yet another deadline, by several weeks at the very least. The setback did nothing to allay the intense speculation surrounding the machine, but it did raise troubling questions about the computer's ultimate chances for success and about the formidable reputation of its creator.

By all accounts, Jobs' new machine is an engineering marvel. People who have seen prototypes describe a sleek, black magnesium cube with a space underneath where a keyboard can be neatly hidden away, a stereo sound system that rivals the crisp tones of a compact-disc player, and a jumbo 17-inch black-and-white display screen capable of visual pyrotechnics that are often characterized as "drop dead."

The machine's software is reported to be controlled by a powerful, versatile operating system called Mach, a variation on AT&T's popular Unix system. (In addition to its other virtues, Mach is designed to allow computers that have been hooked together to share seamlessly one another's processing power.) The core of Jobs' computer is the Motorola 68030, the most advanced general-purpose microprocessor chip on the market. That device's prodigious capabilities have been further enhanced by an array of custom-made chips that are not only state of the art but also artfully laid out. Microsoft Chairman Bill Gates has described the NeXT machine as the most beautiful computer ever built.

But engineering elegance cannot

mask what may turn out to be fatal problems in conception and execution. Jobs' original idea was to use mass-production techniques to make the power of \$50,000 computer "workstations" like those used by top engineers and industrial designers available to anyone for the cost of a personal computer—from \$2,000 to \$5,000. He spoke movingly of creating low-cost "learning environments," in which university students, using computer simulations,

larger and more profitable engineering and business markets. NeXT was counting on the enthusiasm of the programming community to do for the new machine what it did for the Macintosh: dress the computer up in software exciting enough to guarantee its success. But when Jobs introduced the Mac, it was the only machine of its kind. This time he is confronted with entrenched competition from such heavyweight firms as Sun Microsystems, Hewlett-Packard, Digital Equipment, IBM and Apple. "To stand out among the superstars," says Eugene Glazer, an analyst at Dean Witter Reynolds, "an upstart will need one dynamite machine."

Unfortunately, the NeXT computer does not perform flawlessly. Industry sources familiar with the machine have told TIME that the most recent delay is directly related to the computer's all-important video display. Images and text do not appear on the screen fast enough to satisfy Jobs, who has sent the control software back to the shop for further refinement. Delays and rising chip prices have already pushed the base price of the machine into the \$4,000-to-\$8,000 range. If the launch date slips much further, NeXT could miss out on the university market for the entire 1988-89 school year. "This is the reason Jobs is being so low key," says an insider. "He is embarrassed."

Much is at stake for Jobs, who has been stung over the past year by a series of unflattering books that portrayed him as an "accidental millionaire," an enfant terrible who stumbled on fame and fortune and then nearly destroyed Apple through cruelty, arrogance and gross mismanagement. "Having his own company taken away from him was a big blow to him," says Frank Rose, author of a forthcoming book on Jobs' relationship with the man who engineered his ouster, Apple Chairman John Sculley. "He wants to redeem himself." Others are less charitable. One industry leader dismisses the entire multimillion-dollar effort as "nothing but a childish pique to show Sculley what he can do."

Still, no one is prepared to write off Jobs. He left Apple with stock valued at nearly \$100 million and has since won the financial backing of two of America's leading technical universities, Stanford and Carnegie-Mellon, and Billionaire H. Ross Perot. And, as the past few weeks have proved, Jobs has not lost his touch for capturing the attention of the computer industry.

—By Philip Elmer-DeWitt  
Reported by Jonathan Beatty/Los Angeles and  
Thomas McCarroll/New York



The mystery man in his new company's Palo Alto offices. Having lost Apple, he now wants to redeem himself.

would have access to the world's most advanced technologies. "You'd offer a physics student a personal linear accelerator or a ride on a train going the speed of light," he told a group of educators in 1986. "You'd take a biochemistry student and let him experiment in a \$5 million DNA wet lab. You'd send a student of 17th century history back to the time of Louis XIV. Next year we will introduce a breakthrough computer ten to 20 times more powerful than what we have today."

Even if the machine arrived on time and performed flawlessly, it would face formidable marketing hurdles. The key to Jobs' business plan was to develop a computer so easy to program that its users could create their own software—an untested proposition at best. Then, to break out of the university setting and into the



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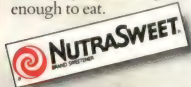
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# Religion



At Zagorsk's 14th century Trinity-St. Sergius Monastery, the spiritual capital of old Russia, Orthodox bishops assemble for a rare council meeting

## Giddy Days for the Russian Church

*Historic events signal growing respectability for long-persecuted Christians*

**U**nder crystal skies and a brilliant sun, temperatures in Moscow soared near 100° F last week. The exceptional climate was an appropriate accompaniment to the unprecedented warmth that emanated from Mikhail Gorbachev's Kremlin during the celebrations marking the country's 1,000th year of Christianity. Church bells, so rarely heard in the land of Lenin, pealed joyously as rituals unfolded in the gilded Russian Orthodox sanctuaries. Some 500 spiritual dignitaries from 100 nations were in attendance. Among them: Anglican Leader Robert Runcie, the Archbishop of Canterbury, American Evangelist Billy Graham, and no fewer than nine Cardinals and 27 bishops, the largest and clearly the most estimable Roman Catholic assemblage ever to visit the Soviet Union. In a remarkable display of *glasnost*, night after night the officially sanctioned events of the Christian millennium were featured on the 9 o'clock newscasts and on television specials after midnight.

For one giddy moment, at least, belief seemed almost respectable. "It's like a honeymoon. We feel drunk and hope we don't ever wake up," enthused Father Viktor Petluchenko, a teacher from Odessa assigned to shepherd the international church guests. "From our TV screens we heard that the church is the heart of our nation and we need it. Can you imagine? It's wonderful."

Moscow kitchen workers, soldiers and

maids waited in long lines at hotels to snap up costly and usually unavailable religious books, medals and icon reproductions. At the celebrated 14th century monastic center at Zagorsk, 40 miles northeast of Moscow, the crowds and food stalls lent a carnival air. An aged woman who had come from Leningrad said, "I'm no longer afraid to tell people I'm a Chris-

tian," as tears streamed down her cheeks. A young mother held the hands of her two youngsters and remarked, "I hope they can wear their crosses with pride."

So intent was the Communist regime on honoring the occasion that it consigned the Bolshoi Theater, that secular holy of holies, to be the site of one of the major celebrations. The curtain, emblazoned with hammer and sickle, parted to reveal not ballet sets but black-robed churchmen, representatives from numerous faiths: state officials and, wonder of wonders, Raisa Gorbachev. "Your presence here is more than symbolic," New York's Rabbi Arthur Schneier told her.

The Bolshoi highlight was a carefully hewed speech by Agostino Cardinal Casaroli, the brilliant diplomat who years ago fashioned the Vatican outreach to the Communist world and is now the Secretary of State (prime minister) of Pope John Paul's Vatican. Religion, Casaroli asserted, is an "uncontestable reality" in daily life and "cannot be neglected" by authorities. Some of the Bolshoi festivities were carried to a nationwide TV audience, a fact that impressed one visiting churchman: "What do you think it says to millions of faithful in the Soviet Union? It means the government thinks religion is not 'the opium of the people.' It's a clear break with classic Marxist ideology."

This week the Vatican representatives hoped to meet with Gorbachev. Casaroli was hand-carrying the Pope's first



Patriarch Pimen, center, leading worship

*A ailing leader during a critical era.*



personal letter to the party leader, a three-page missive written in Russian that referred to the human rights claims of Catholics and other minorities. The dialogue may continue face-to-face if Gorbachev includes a papal visit in his anticipated trip to Italy later this year.

Negotiations with the Kremlin are part of a larger Vatican strategy aimed at closing the 900-year-old schism between Roman Catholicism and the Eastern Orthodox, the bulk of whom live in Communist countries. For years the Vatican has been quietly working with world Orthodoxy, including the Russians, to settle various long-standing obstacles to reconciliation. One of the nastiest is the existence of pockets of Catholics loyal to Rome within countries in which the Or-

bearded bishops behind the fortress-like walls of the Trinity-St. Sergius Monastery in Zagorsk. Nearly 1,000 of the faithful stood for hours in the withering heat to catch a glimpse of the gathering holy men. With the church's head, Patriarch Pimen, 78, so ill from diabetes that he made only brief appearances at most of the millennial events, speculation hovered over the sessions about which of the younger Metropolitans would be elected his eventual successor. "I'm waiting for the Gorbachev of the church," said Suzanne Massie of Harvard's Russian Research Center, who was in Moscow for the celebrations.

The council resolved the Russian Church's most bitter internal problem: control of local parishes. According to Orthodox canonical tradition, the priest is the

news agency TASS declared on June 4 that Russian Orthodoxy "expounds love and mercy and denounces idleness and money grubbing and inculcates in people high moral standards, which are needed in our socialist society."

More significantly, on April 29 Gorbachev held a meeting with Patriarch Pimen and other members of the Russian Orthodox hierarchy. The encounter, which "deeply impressed" the Patriarch, was the first public reception of Orthodox leaders by a party Secretary since 1943, when Stalin revived the church to win popular support during the worst days of World War II. In another act of conciliation, the regime this month returned to the church a section of its holiest shrine: the 11th century Monastery of the Caves in Kiev, which had been seized in 1961. Now monks will again live there, and the church will control the ancient caves where monks were buried. The first Eucharistic service is to be held on the grounds this week.

**D**espite this giveback and the return of another 325 Orthodox sites over the past three years, church activities remain sharply restricted in the Soviet Union. Only 7,000 churches are functioning in the country today, compared with 70,000 in pre-Revolution days. Formal religious instruction is banned. And the 17 church-control laws instituted by Stalin in 1929 even forbid charitable work, although bit by bit some Christians are being allowed to help at clinics, mental hospitals and homes for the aged. There is no word as yet on the fate of the long-promised revision of Stalin's laws. Cautions Alexander Ogorodnikov, an ex-prisoner and lay activist who ran a seminar on past persecution last week: "A positive tone can easily become negative again after the celebrations. What counts is what is written in law." A member of the Vatican retinue also warned, "There is no evidence that this process in the Soviet Union is irreversible. Everyone knows there is a struggle in the Kremlin, and no one is sure who will win."

Other analysts point out that Gorbachev vitally needs the support of his country's 50 million Orthodox Christians in order to succeed in his far-reaching reforms. The Russian Orthodox Church is the largest organized body in the Soviet Union, far exceeding the Communist Party in membership. Says one Western expert on the Soviet Union who attended the millennium: "This is a society facing social disintegration. They have a youth that is disaffected, an intolerable abortion rate and a serious alcohol and drug problem." Religious believers, points out this observer, "tend to be constructive members of society. I don't think any Soviet leader now can pit himself against the church." One of the Vatican delegates described Gorbachev's situation a bit more bluntly: "He realizes he needs more than the party. He needs the people."

—By Richard N. Ostling, Reported by Ann Blackman/Moscow and Cathy Booth/Zagorsk



Visiting dignitaries, front, from left: Runcie and Cardinals Casaroli, Etchegaray, O'Connor

"We heard that the church is the heart of our nation," said a priest. "Can you imagine?"

thodox predominate. The newest round of discussions on these Eastern Rite Catholics will be held next week at the New Valamo monastery in Finland.

The Soviet Union contains the biggest of these disputed churches, made up of millions of Catholic believers, mostly in the western Ukraine, who were forced into the Russian Orthodox Church under Stalin in 1946. Since then, many of these Ukrainians, who still consider the Pope their leader, have led an illegal underground existence. Despite Vatican overtures on their behalf, the Russian Orthodox Church resists having the Kremlin give legal recognition to the Catholics, arguing that they belong within Orthodoxy.

Alongside this long-range ecumenical battle, the Russian hierarchy last week held its first council since the Communist Revolution that was summoned for purposes other than to elect a new Patriarch. The four-day assembly was attended by 74

head of his parish. In 1961, however, during the height of Nikita Khrushchev's anti-church campaign, the Orthodox hierarchy was forced to accept a ruling that gave Communist Party-approved lay delegates full control over each parish, making the priest a mere salaried functionary who presides at worship. In a major concession from the Gorbachev regime, the much hated regulation was revoked at last week's council. The new church charter also provides for regularly scheduled national-level and parish meetings, rather than special sessions that require state consent.

In the weeks leading up to the millennial celebration, the government of Mikhail Gorbachev made an effort to signal its tolerance and even show some enthusiasm for Christianity. The General Secretary has, for instance, taken to lacing his speeches with references to the lives of Jesus Christ or John the Baptist. And in a remarkable pronouncement, the Soviet



# Law

## The Sad Fate of Legal Aid

*But a new program may encourage more lawyers to help*

Like most places that provide assistance for the poor, the Legal Aid Society's Park Place office in Manhattan is overwhelmed. Flooded with requests for help, the 26 lawyers who work there resort to a kind of triage system, sometimes choosing to block an eviction before untangling a Social Security foul-up, or rushing to counter an immigration problem while other clients wait for assistance in getting welfare benefits. "We just don't have the money or the staffing to do it all," says Attorney Morton Dicker.

Such problems are partly because of a shortage of attorneys willing to spend some time representing the poor free of charge. Pro bono work is the trade term for it, from the Latin *pro bono publico*, meaning "for the public good." It has long been a tenet of the profession that all lawyers should devote part of their time to such work. The U.S. Supreme Court has guaranteed a lawyer, at government expense if necessary, to every criminal defendant who faces prison. Though in civil matters, everything from custody proceedings to deportation hearings, the poor must rely on the generosity of others.

But these are not good days for pro bono. The American Bar Association reports that only 17.7% of the nation's 659,000 private attorneys perform this task. At Public Counsel, a Los Angeles group that receives about 1,000 calls a day for legal assistance, participation by outside law firms has dropped more than 30% since 1986. "It's the biggest pro bono crunch we've ever seen," says Executive Director Steven Nissen. The trend toward giant law firms that operate like corporations gets much of the blame. Goaded by a bottom-line mentality, devoting nearly every moment to revenue-earning work, firms that once routinely set pro bono goals for their members now often just issue watery memos of encouragement. In the money-mad 1980s, the thinking goes, plenty of lawyers do well. Fewer do good.

Last week, in a move that could help resuscitate the pro bono cause, the legal world's No. 1 revenue earner announced an extraordinary program to encourage lawyers to give legal aid to the needy. As a supplement to the time that its lawyers volunteer, the New York City megafirm

Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom will establish a \$10 million legal fellowship program to place 125 new law school graduates with legal-aid groups around the country over the next five years. "This fellowship is a further way for us to demonstrate that large law firms are concerned about the public interest," says Executive Partner Peter Mullen.



The young lawyers will be guaranteed a salary of at least \$32,500 a year for up to two years. Some will also get help in repaying their student loans. That pay is a bit under half of what an entry-level attorney at Skadden, Arps gets for tending to the needs of major corporations. But it is higher than the \$25,000 or less earned by many full-time public-service lawyers. Still, even legal observers who applaud the move say it is just a first step in a nation where some surveys estimate that more than 80% of the legal needs of the poor goes unattended.

The problem has been exacerbated by the travails of the Legal Services Corporation, the federal body that helps fund about three-quarters of the legal-aid operations around the country. President Reagan came into office vowing to shut it down entirely. While the corporation's eleven-member board of directors, now all Reagan appointees, has balked at that, its funding requests have dropped from \$399.9 million in fiscal year 1982 to

\$305.5 million last year. "My feeling is that if everyone assumes that [legal aid] is a federal responsibility, the opportunity to develop alternatives simply will not be encouraged," says Corporation Chairman W. Clark Durant III. When Congress refused this year to cut the corporation's budget further, to \$250 million, the board actually hired lobbyists to press the lawmakers for less—yes, less—money.

Meanwhile, one solution to the legal-aid crisis being debated more frequently is mandatory pro bono, a system by which courts, legislatures or bar associations would compel attorneys to donate their time, sometimes with the option of paying a fee to be excused. Programs of that kind have been imposed by courts in a number of areas around the country, including Westchester County, N.Y., and El Paso, as well as at least four local bar groups. Legislatures in Oregon and Washington have also looked into it, though with no action.

But mandatory pro bono raises problems for both lawyers and poor clients. For one thing, it would weigh most heavily on solo practitioners and small firms; big outfits have squads of young associates who can be assigned to satisfy pro bono requirements. And even legal-aid attorneys say simply drafting lawyers is no answer. It could lead to inadequate representation by advocates who lack the conviction or specific legal skills to defend the poor. "How much help is a divorce lawyer to a farm worker poisoned by pesticides?" asks Edward

Tuddenham of the Migrant Legal Action Program in Washington.

Part of the solution to the pro bono problem is exemplified at the big Los Angeles firm Latham & Watkins, which pays its lawyers for the time they spend doing such work. Forty percent of the firm's 480 attorneys got involved last year in 107 pro bono matters, including death-penalty appeals. And at law schools there are promising signs that younger lawyers may remember duties that many of their elders have forgotten. Columbia University law students have been flocking to a program of summer legal-aid work, though it means forgoing the opportunity to make \$1,200 a week or more as interns at major firms. Tulane University law school has made 20 hours of legal service a graduation requirement. And why not? asks Vice Dean Paul Barron. "Students should learn as early as possible that they've got this responsibility."

—By Richard Lacy.  
Reported by Josie Atlinger/New York and Nancy Seufert/Los Angeles



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# People

In David Mamet's *Speed-the-Plow*, Madonna was the leading Wanna Be—as in “I wanna be an actress”—of the Broadway season. And though some critics thought she was a Cannot Be, the Material Girl earned an appreciative round of laughter and applause at last week's Tony Awards ceremony.



**Punished:** Madonna at the Tonys

nies. “I’m sure this is bad for my posture,” whimpered the rock star as she struggled mock primadonna-ishly with an ornery standing mike. “I’m being punished for not coming to rehearsals today.” David Henry Hwang’s *M. Butterfly* took the prize for Best Play, and Andrew Lloyd Webber’s *Phantom of the Opera* won as Best Musical, though the British import lost on Best Book and Best Score to Stephen Sondheim’s *Into the Woods*. Accepting his prize, Webber took a subtle jab at critics, who had skewered the spectral skills of his wife and *Phantom* Star Sarah Brightman. Said Webber: “I just want to thank Sarah.”

She may be all for the New Age, but Shirley MacLaine, 54, isn’t about to stop acting her

age—or taking on the years. “My parts are getting older and older,” says the indomitable redhead. In *Madame Sousatzka*, her first major movie since she won an Oscar for *Terms of Endearment* in 1983, MacLaine plays an aging and tyrannical piano teacher. “I’m finally old enough to graduate to epic parts,” says MacLaine, a star since she was 20. “Sousatzka becomes jealous, manipulative, cruel but at the same time extremely sad and vulnerable and hurt.” Eventually, MacLaine hopes to channel her talents into a biopic of Louise Brooks, a temptress from the early days of Hollywood. “It starts with her at 74.” Kid stuff? Judging from her books on reincarnation, MacLaine has already had more than one life to live.

The cheers and whistles at the Divestiture of the Prince of Wales were not treasonous acts of lese majesté. Not at all. When Prince Charles stripped off his sweatshirt in mid-polo match in Cirencester, Gloucestershire, the crowd roared its approval of the royal torso. Grinning broadly, the prince turned and posed for his admirers before continuing the match. Though the heir to the throne scored once, his team, Los Locos, went down 6 to 4. Charles’ regular team, Windsor Park, may lose its shirt as well. Its star player, Stuart Mackenzie, is said to be considering bolting the Windsor stables and joining another team. In that case, wealthy patrons may withdraw as much as \$425,000 in support, leaving Charles to look elsewhere to play. Doesn’t seem sporting.

That *Rambo* man, Sylvester Stallone, was turned back by guards at Checkpoint Charlie last week, when he tried to visit East Berlin. Perhaps the Soviets didn’t like the way Stallone treats them in his films? “*Rambo* is a movie, not



**More than one life to live:** Shirley MacLaine in *Madame Sousatzka*

a manifesto,” said Stallone. “I came to Berlin to dispel rumors that I was politically oriented against the Soviets.” After all, in *Rambo III* all he does is single-handedly mow

down about a million Soviet troops in Afghanistan. Will he try to enter East Berlin again? “I’m fond of sequels,” he says. “I’ll keep trying.”



**Divested:** Prince Charles at the polo grounds

Take note, Michael Dukakis! You may have wrapped up the Democratic nomination last week, but you’ve already run into trouble from an unexpected source. When 3,600 youngsters, ranging in age from five to 13, were asked to choose who they thought was most qualified to be President from a list that included Captain Kangaroo and Jane Fonda, the top finisher among the current contenders was George Bush, with 17% of the vote. Jesse Jackson came out on top of Dukakis by about 5 percentage points. In fact, the Duke languished close to the bottom, tied at 8% with none other than Pee-wee Herman. Buoyed by Dukakis’ success in the adult world, an ebullient Pee-wee said, “I am seriously thinking about running in 1992.” Or maybe earlier. Dukakis hasn’t found a running mate yet.

—By Howard G. Chua-Eoan





COVER STORY

# Paradise Found

*America returns to the garden*

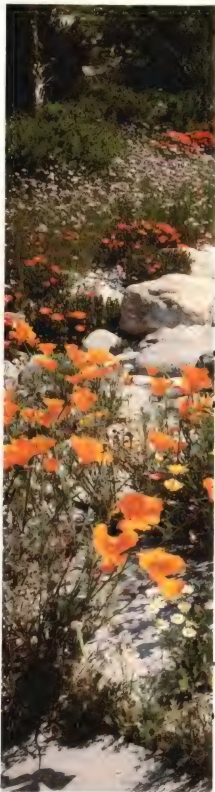
**W**e all have an idea of a garden. It is the place where we wish we were, where we are at our best: generous, fertile, humble and at peace. For some the vision may be exquisitely formal, a garden of thought and geometry, traced with tulips and a perfectly taut hedge. For others it is wild and artless, with shaggy trees and hiding places and children splashing in clover. Even if we have never been there, we know what it looks like.

Maybe it is the change of season, or something in the social climate, but suddenly it seems as though all around the country people are going to any length to find their garden: to read about it, visit it and, if at all possible, create it. Mailboxes bulge with gardening catalogs, groceries grow on windowsills, cranes hoist trees onto city rooftops. From coast to coast, nursery owners say their business has doubled. Even baby boomers who did not have the remotest interest in the subject two years ago now rattle off the Latin names of their plants and comb suburban

garden stores for just the right style of Japanese weed whipper.

• Wrestling the wilderness is an old American sport, turning forests into arbors, fields into farms. Yet this desire to plant something is reaching into places and lives that defy fertility. Throughout the most savage reaches of New York's inner city, community gardeners are transforming burned-out lots into verdant sanctuaries. Across the dry plains of the Midwest, botanists are finding plenty of volunteers to help them reclaim the prairies and replant the wildflowers that belong there. In a formidable climate where there are hailstorms in June and frost in August, juvenile offenders at a Wyoming detention center have some of the finest gardens around.

Amid so much activity, the stereotypes no longer fit. Through the 1970s, the archetypal gardener was over 50 and had time and money to spare: a smug matron with impeccable calceolarias, an eccentric rosarian, a spinster growing herbs. But now, says the National Gardening



THE SWEETEST RETREAT

A wildflower garden in La Verne, Calif.









**A CREATIVE EXERCISE**  
Twinka Thiebaud works out in L.A.



**FOR FERTILE IMAGINATIONS**  
Chicago gardeners prowls the nursery

Association, 78% of America's households garden, and all the recent surveys suggest that the most fervent converts are between 30 and 49 and still evenly divided between men and women. Those who once bought geraniums and parched them in college dorm rooms have discovered that they can even garden competitively.

The baby boomers get much of the attention, because they accounted for half of the record \$17.5 billion that was spent last year on things horticultural. Once they have poured all the money they can into their homes, cash-flush yuppies have found that a garden can soak up limitless discretionary income. After seeds and dirt, there are goatskin gloves and Garden Weasels, wide-throated anvil pruners from Rolcut of England, not to mention \$15,000 for a Sargent weeping hemlock tree. The yuppies quickly master the rituals and floral lore, swap compost recipes at dinner parties. Mulching has become elevator talk.

The touching eagerness of converts leaves some veterans bemused. Gardening, they will tell you, is a vocation, not a gift, and requires work and experience to master and love. "I see these specimen trees coming down the highway from the nursery wrapped like Egyptian mummies," says Long Island Painter Robert Dash. "And I think, 'God, the gardening world has got out of hand.'"

But sooner or later, if they keep at it, the new gardeners discover what the others have known all along: the satisfactions

have little to do with anything they can read, buy or brag about. "A garden is for its owner's pleasure," advised that wise, earthy doyenne of English gardening, Gertrude Jekyll (1843-1932). "and whatever the degree or form of that pleasure, if only it be sincere, it is right and reasonable, and adds to human happiness in one of the purest and best of ways."

**M**ost gardeners, at the outset, seem to think that their new passion is profoundly good for them and that the world would be not just a prettier but a healthier and better place if more people joined them in the out-of-doors. There is some theory to this: the smell of basil was long thought to strengthen the heart and take away melancholy, while the scent of violets was considered an aid to digestion. It cannot be an accident that gardeners so often last so long. Cato the Censor, a fine source on growing cabbages, lived to 85, a very old age in ancient Rome. Medieval Theologian Albertus Magnus, whose green thumb led to charges of witchcraft, died at 87, while one of America's Founding Gardeners, Thomas Jefferson, lived to be 83.

"I haven't felt so worked out in years," smiles the willowy Twinka Thiebaud, a caterer in Los Angeles who abandoned her mountain bike and health club when she was told that gardening might work just as well. Unlike a jog or a sit-up, she found, gardening is a purposeful exercise,

a lung-cleaning, muscle-toughening activity that also decorates her house and stocks her pantry. "Every visit to the garden is the same," she says. "I'm just wiped out in a wonderful way."

The act of kneeling and digging and weeding seems to have an equally salutary effect on the human spirit. "He who would have beautiful roses in his garden," wrote the great rosarian Samuel Reynolds Hole in 1869, "must have beautiful roses in his heart." To wait as long as three years for trilliums to bloom requires considerable fortitude: to rise early and weed builds discipline; to construct a garden in one's mind in the dead of winter fosters purity of thought. "Sometimes what you do is for others," muses Designer Oscar de la Renta, who has transformed a Connecticut horse farm into a hilltop garden of crab-apple trees and white roses, with rows of fruit trees and swaths of delphiniums. "You may plant something you will never see yourself." He marvels at a palm tree he discovered in Florida, which erupts into blossom only once in its lifetime. "A garden gives you a sense of continuity," he concludes. "It gives you another sense of life."

For those with such an eye to history, the garden represents a chance to create something that lasts. In the late Middle Ages, when plague ran rampant through Europe, explains Historian Barbara Tuchman, survivors feared that the wilderness would return because there would not be enough people alive to hold it back. "Gar-



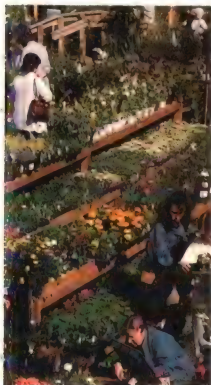


PHOTO: JEFFREY M. HARRIS



PHOTO: JEFFREY M. HARRIS

#### A CITY ESCAPE

Billy Barnes' Manhattan "heliport"

dening," she says, "is a ritual that responds to a desire in people to restore order." Even today she finds that the appeal of her own garden lies in a sense of permanence and renewal. "It says that everything is fine in the midst of chaos and bewilderment."

Oddly, that reassurance seems to be especially important to younger gardeners who are starting their own families and, as trite as it sounds, looking to lay down some roots. When Oceanographer Melissa Denny decided a few years ago that it was time to stay home and cultivate her children, she and her husband bought a house in Everett, Wash., on half an acre of mud and blackberries. Her staunchly evergreen neighbors watched in amazement as she planted clover and rye grass, let it grow a foot high, then plowed it under. Raised vegetable beds and fruit trees began to appear. Then local children gathered, holding tricycle races on the sawdust paths. "They all come over to graze," she laughs. "I have to grow twice as many strawberries and raspberries as I need."

For many new parents, these playgrounds provide a chance to cultivate memories, both of their childhoods and of their children. "Now I, like a lot of other boomers, have ended my prolonged adolescence," says Virginia Kempf, a housewife in Atlanta, "and am trying to re-create my childhood." Her father had a vegetable garden, and her mother grew irises. "Here I am, with a two- and a three-year-old, back at my origins."

Many of her friends, she finds, are of the same mind. "They are tired of being self-absorbed. They want some roots, and they're realigning their values."

The garden becomes the place to go when all else fails, when all other seductions and temptations have been tried and rejected. "I let the garden guide me," says Billy Barnes, a Manhattan talent agent.

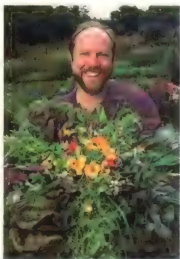


PHOTO: JEFFREY M. HARRIS

#### A FLOWERING FEAST

Robert Kourik's edible bouquet

"It has changed my life-style, particularly now. People aren't smoking and drinking anymore; they aren't having sex. In this atmosphere, I find great solace from my garden." Barnes has landscaped an apartment terrace that looked like a heliport when he moved in. Stands of birches, pines and apple trees rustle in the winds on the 14th-floor roof. He smiles at his lofty thoughts. "It brings my mind out of the gutter," he adds. "If everybody could have a little plot of God's green earth in the city, it would be a better place."

Perhaps with that thought in mind, residents of Manhattan's lethal "alphabet city" have transformed a rubble-strewn lot into a community garden, with poetry readings and potluck dinners and tiny plots for 107 local gardeners. Some grow food or medicinal herbs; one woman grows a lawn, just so she can come out on Sunday mornings with her deck chair to read the newspaper. "I've lived here 20 years, and we never used to talk to people on the street," says Sandra Kleinman, now in her fourth year of nursing Egyptian onions and Japanese mustard greens. "I've never been outgoing. But the garden has changed my place in life."

In moments of candor, even the most hardened gardeners will try to explain the redemptive potential of their calling. "When I first got here, I wouldn't talk with anyone," says Ted Stoddard, a tall, slender man with a serious mien and a gift for apricot trees. He is serving a life sen-



## Living

tence for murder in Muskegon, Mich. "Prison has a tendency to make you angry. It's like quicksand. Your rights can be jerked at any time." But the garden provides him with a rare escape. He now teaches other inmates, though carefully, hesitantly. They will learn more through their mistakes, he finds, than from anything he tells them. "I order the seeds, and they can take what they want. It gives them a sense of freedom."

Apart from the therapeutic effects on body and mind, designing and tending a landscape offer a chance to shape the environment to suit one's taste or mood. "I like making beauty that isn't sweet," says Painter Dash, a patient and demanding gardener. "It is a hard and firm beauty." Both painting and planting are arts of ingratiation. "You want to make something people look at, whether it be shocking, staggering, alerting, interesting. You don't want to make it pretty." His gardens in Sagaponack, N.Y., are rambling and studiously wild, with crooked flowering quinces, English bluebells and colorful primulas beneath flowering crab apples, plus a viburnum arbor that he will have to wait several years to see in its full, thick beauty. He rarely lets his gardens alone. "The minute you sit and say, 'Isn't it gorgeous?', you are succumbing to the seduction you have created."

There are those, of course, for whom mere exercise, solace, refuge and redemption are not enough. For them, the moment of transcendence comes that first morning when they creep into the garden

and harvest the early peas. There is something primitive at work when it comes to growing food—perhaps the satisfaction of being able to provide for oneself and one's family or being able to step out back and browse for dinner. "There are few sights quite as gratifyingly beautiful," says Playwright Arthur Miller of his vegetable patch, "all dewy and glittering with a dozen shades of green at 7 in the morning." He does, however, acknowledge that he could spend the time more profitably on other pursuits. Miller once estimated, only half in jest, that a single tomato from his garden might have cost about \$6,000.

A decade ago, most people grew vegetables to save money. But now they are far more concerned with freshness and quality. Through some miracle of nature, a tomato nurtured from scratch has a taste all its own. Many herbivores are turning to "heirloom" seed exchanges, newsletters and catalogs to unearth the long-forgotten strains that were not bred for shelf life. "In commercial agriculture," explains Robert Kourik, author of *Designing & Maintaining Your Edible Landscape—Naturally*, "the tendency is to favor production efficiency over flavor." Some of the tastiest vegetables and fruits are available only in local gardens and are at risk of extinction.

As American palates become more sophisticated, many cooks are concluding that the surest way to acquire the proper ingredients is to grow their own. The baby boomers, says Vermont Nurseryman Shep-

herd Ogden, "have eaten in good restaurants and traveled abroad. Now they want to bring the culinary revolution into their homes." He and other suppliers are quick to cater to such tastes: he offers more than 50 kinds of lettuce, including 13 varieties of radicchio alone.

As a result, today's vegetable garden is far from the prosaic spread of suburban legend. No longer a tiny swatch of the American heartland, it is now an international gathering, full of poetry and exotic temptations. There are Mexi Bell hot hybrid peppers and Chinese bitter melons, peacock pole beans, Peruvian purple potatoes. And then the strange-sounding items, the celtuce (somewhere between celery and lettuce), the papaya pumpkin, the sweet chocolate peppers, the rustproof golden wax bush beans.

The herbalists too are becoming more adventurous in their tastes. Last year 6 million households spent \$46 million growing herbs, in contrast with 5 million spending \$39 million the year before. Some make tea from them, some bathe in them, some swear to their healing powers. Having mastered the basic basil, rosemary and sage, gardeners move on to lovage stems, bee-balm blossoms and lemon grass. The health conscious prize herbs as a salt substitute, while the cost conscious find that pricey, herb-flavored vinegars and oils are easily made at home.

Those who cannot make up their minds whether to gaze or graze in their gardens can always grow edible flowers. Trendy cooks now sprinkle salads with



A VISION PRESERVED

Dash finds, in his gardens and his art, a snap of the wilderness





## Living

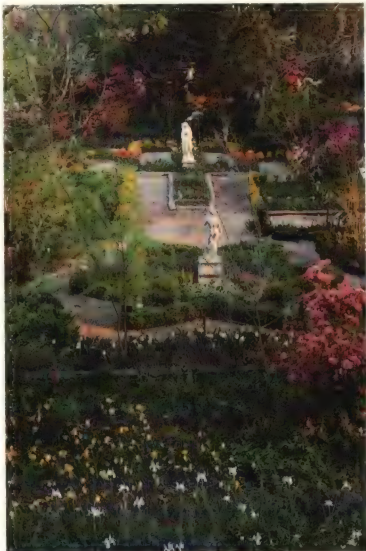
nasturtiums, lavender petals and rose petals or make cold soup out of violets and scented geraniums. Those who experiment with gourmet gardening, cautions Rosalind Creasy, author of *The Complete Book of Edible Landscaping*, should take care not to sample every blossom: lily of the valley and foxglove, for example, are poisonous. As for certain marigolds, they taste "like skunk," and some carnations "metallic." "I don't care if it's edible, if it's not palatable," she says.

The motive for many households is not just variety but purity and control over what they eat. Pests must be killed and plants fed, but the ingredients in pesticides and fertilizers often invite images of chemical warfare. Gardeners have grown cautious about what they use to defend against bugs. Jerry Baker, author of *The Impatient Gardener*, advises spraying the lawn with a mixture of Listerine, ammonia, chewing-tobacco juice and dish washing liquid. Others have discovered beer for immobilizing slugs, and human hair to discourage squirrels.

**F**or those who prefer not to improvise, garden stores are doing a land-office business in beneficial nematodes, antislug mulch and dozens of bio-organic plant boosters. The ranks of converts grow by the day. Actor Eddie Albert makes speeches and lobbies farmers about the pesticides. "I am rather militant about the poisoning of our food and our children," he says. "Gardening is the only way we can get clean vegetables." His advice to would-be gardeners? "Keep it simple. Then get the hell out of the way. Nature wants your garden to grow."

Ah, if only it were that simple. No matter what is growing out back, whether catnip, horehound and fleabane, or chubby cabbages and Creeping figs, or heirloom roses and masses of delicate ranunculus, the garden will eventually become all consuming, of time, money, concentration and passion. Around the time that new gardeners are feeling most warm and gratified with their endeavors, delighted with the fresh vegetables and thrilled with the view from the porch, they also discover the risks involved. "A garden," warned Ralph Waldo Emerson, "is like those pernicious machineries which catch a man's coat-skirt or his hand, and draw in his arm, his leg, and his whole body to irresistible destruction."

First it disrupts the domestic routine, as eggshells and quartered-orange peels are painstakingly transported from city to country to compost heap. Everything must be saved for that site: last year's annuals, the top of the lawn, wayward bits of hedge, all the archaeology of the planting season. Then the catalogs begin to multiply: one nursery carries more than 1,000 varieties of geraniums; another's pages read like a gothic romance. Since all addictions have organizations, the invitations start arriving to join the clubs. There are hundreds of groups for roses alone,



SOUTH OF EDEN

Bible symbols grow near Charleston, S.C.

not to mention the American Bamboo Society and the Cactus and Succulent Society. There are some 800 books on gardening currently in print and six major magazines. The largest, *Organic Gardening*, has a circulation of more than a million.

Only the most disciplined can resist the urge for better equipment, new hybrids, the latest indestructible orchid. Tools that were once an extension of arm and soul are now computer driven and high tech. Smith & Hawken, purveyor of top-drawer English garden tools, has grown from two guys selling tools nine years ago out of a California warehouse to a \$30 million business.

Paul Hawken knows his customers well. Of the new generation of gardeners,

he says, "their parents had a quarter acre with a power mower and a hedge clipper. They have 600 sq. ft. behind a condo and 90 different kinds of plants in it." But he does not disdain those who crave his lovingly designed tools made of second-growth ash. "Serious gardeners are like serious writers, painters, dancers," he says. "For people who view gardening as a craft, buying the best tool they can get is absolutely essential."

Once the obsession takes hold, it becomes clear that while gardening may be many things for many people, dirt cheap it ain't. Among the quickest ways to run through a fortune is to approach the garden with the eye of a connoisseur. "Trees are my 87th collection," admits Louis Meisel, who, with his wife Susan, owns a



SoHo art gallery and a 3½-acre Long Island farm. "As with all our collections, our goal is to put together the best of each kind in the world." They have spent about \$100,000 thus far, in part because they are buying grown trees, like the \$12,000 Crimson King maple. Says he: "You can't climb a tree you have spent \$400 for."

For those who are aghast at how much money their gardens can absorb, there is some consolation in thinking of it as an investment. "One thing this generation has discovered," says Roger Duer, vice president of the mammoth Monrovia nurseries in California and Oregon, "is that a nice garden helps sell a house." Considerable seed money has been directed into landscaping, roughly \$3 billion last year, \$745 million more than the year before. Such expenditures, by some estimates, can boost the value of real estate by 7% to 15%. Young anglophiles hope that a walled English garden with piles of ivy and wisteria will add some majesty to the estate. Never mind that few climates in the U.S. could conceivably produce the soggy consolation that England provides its gardeners. What weather cannot pro-

vide, clutter can. So there is a thriving market in gazebo kits, stone dogs with baskets in their mouths, gates, bird feeders, Gothic porches and dovecotes.

Unfortunately such tastes often exceed what time allows, thereby ensuring that nurseries and garden-supply stores will be well stocked with shortcuts. Since in most cases a silky lawn is out of the question, there is a burgeoning market for "meadows in a can," which promise a vast, sweet meadow right out of a picture book. This illusion too does not come cheap: a 4-oz. can of Rocky Mountain wildflower seed from Smith & Hawken goes for \$18.50.

Native wildflowers are also resistant to coaching and threats. Actress Helen Hayes, a dirty-fingernails, hands-and-knees gardener, recently decided to sow wildflowers like those she remembers seeing from train windows as she toured the country with her plays. "They won't bow to one's wishes," she says with grudging admiration. "They don't want to be tamed. That must be the reason these darling, lovely little things won't cooperate."

There is such a thing as an instant garden, more's the pity, but one pays a price for it. "Within the past three years or so," observes Larry Shapira, a horticulturist and consultant at Merrifield Garden Center outside Washington, "people have started coming in who just don't want to wait for smaller plants to become big ones. They want to go to the garden center in the morning, pick up the plant, drive the thing home, plant it, and have a drink under it that evening."

Alternatively there are the grasses that do not need to be mowed, another favorite choice of those too busy to bother. New York City Art Dealers Carole and Alex Rosenberg cultivated a tangle of weeds at their house in Water Mill, Long Island. "I read about English gardens," Carole explains. "They are too fussy for me." Someone suggested ornamental grasses from the Washington-based landscape-architect firm of Oehme, van Sweden, as a solution. The Rosenbergs' sloping lawn is now intersected and ringed with free-form gardens of 3-ft. grasses, Scotch Broom covered with saffron blossoms, blue allium balls, mounds of soft

## Of Apple Trees and Roses

"Even if I knew the world would end tomorrow, I would continue to plant my apple trees." That is the statement of faith traditionally attributed to Martin Luther. Some skeptic recently challenged the world of scholarship to demonstrate exactly where Luther had ever made such a declaration, and nobody could find an exact source. Perhaps, like so many such pieties, the idea really came from Goethe. Or perhaps Thoreau. It does not greatly matter, for the statement itself is one of abiding hope and abiding truth.

Consider for a moment the blessings of the apple tree. First of all, it is beautiful, not with the upright pride of the pine or maple but with a gnarled and twisted strength that implies the stoic wisdom of many gales survived. And it flowers every spring, with a glowing white fragrance that attracts the inquiries of the honeybee. Once its leaves are out, it provides shelter for the larks and thrushes that sing from its branches. In due time, the fading flowers turn into apples, offering a thousand fulfillments: apple pie, apple cake, applesauce, apple cider, apple butter, apple jelly, apple dumplings, apple tarts, apple pandowdy. Cut into pieces, the apple tree can be carpentered into a table, or at the least its kindlings will give off a splendid flame. Left quite alone, the tree will blossom white again next spring.

Arnold Schoenberg, trying to explain why George Gershwin had been a natural composer, said that a true artist is like an apple tree, and when he feels the need, he bursts into flower without ever thinking about the market price of apples. Conversely, it would seem that an apple tree is a work of art, a rhapsody in green and white. And it grows—this is the miracle—from a little brown seed no more than half an inch long, of which there are half a doz-

en inside every apple core that you throw into the garbage pail.

Like Martin Luther (or somebody)—richly aware that the world might end tomorrow—I keep planting apple seeds and watching to see how they grow. Some never germinate at all, some pop up about an inch and then slowly shrivel. But there stands outside my window one apple tree that was once a seed and is now more than twice as tall as I am. All it took me to grow it was about 15 years of my life.

Almost every time I look at that tree, I say to myself one of the things that a man most wants to say: "I made that." I know this is not really true. God made it. Or it made itself. But I helped. I planted the seed in the ground. I watered it. I watched over it and admired its blind, thrusting determination to be and to grow. And that is all most of us can do for most of the things or the people we care about.

Like many gardeners, I am rather a bungler. I know very little about pH soil tests. I think I know how to prune a rosebush, but the rosebush may think otherwise. I learned from my father the basic rules of mulching and thinning—how to stake out the tomatoes, how to make the peas climb up the chicken wire, how to bind up the raspberries—but the techniques that worked in the fertile hills of Vermont do not necessarily work in the sands of Long Island. Most important of all, I do not have the time (or the energy) to play some character out of Tolstoy. I live by the 8:26 to Penn Station, and most of the time, my roses grow untended.

I say roses because I once had a passion to create a rose garden. I had a vision of something sheltered and beautiful and serene. I spent several years planting and nourishing these wonderfully named creatures—Etoile de Hollande, Mister Lin-





## Living

green sedums and spikes of silver-green lavender. "I wanted something to work with the wind," says Carol. reeling off Latin names for her 14 varieties. "And it's easy to maintain."

Though some plantmen are willing to sell anything that is different in order to appeal to the instant gardener, others throw up their hands at the onslaught of impatient novices. "They use perennials like annual bedding plants, taking them up every year and cutting them in half and resetting them," recounts Connecticut Nurseryman Fred McGourty in horror. "That is the highest-maintenance form of gardening there can be, but they can't wait for the four years for the plants to grow together."

Despite the indignation they cause, the younger, greener gardeners are gradually learning their lessons. Those who originally bought perennials in the mistaken belief that they were less work, that one just tucked them in the ground and watched them bloom year after year, are now coming to appreciate them for their

variety and texture. They are discovering the thrill of syncopation, when they manage to persuade a garden, through careful choice and planning, to bloom in waves from March through the first frost.

Others are beginning to realize that the land is something that needs to be protected more than tamed, and are taking care to plant only what belongs to their region, to seek not only beauty but balance. In the dry regions of the country, Xeriscapers are creating natural gardens with indigenous plants that require about half the water of traditional designs. To encourage the use of native plants, Lady Bird Johnson established the National Wildflower Research Center in Austin, which counsels gardeners around the country about what varieties are best suited to their region.

Gardeners, like their subjects, ripen over time, and experience eventually drives out the silliest notions about how to approach the soil. It may be true, as Painter Dash believes, that for the moment gardening has become a gorgeous

new American toy, the latest vehicle for social climbing. If so, that in time is sure to change. "It is possible we will garden on American terms," he predicts. "We will make brave and beautiful gardens, with harder plants. And because we are a generous country, our gardens will be very generous and robust with a snap of the wilderness about them... perhaps aiming at what we lost."

And in the meantime, we will revel in paradoxes, in gardens that cost nothing, and those that cost a king's ransom, in the gardens that consume all our waking hours and those that prosper for having been left alone, in the gardens of the cities surrounded by thickets of steel, in the gardens grown out of folly and philosophy. We will approach with awe the ceremonies of the out-of-doors and become in the process less brittle, more wise, managing miracles. We may even become, as Thomas Jefferson once modestly christened all his fellow gardeners, the chosen people of God.

—By Nancy R. Gibbs.  
Reported by Mary Cronin/New York and James Willwerth/Los Angeles, with other bureaus

coln, Duchesse de Brabant, Chrysler Imperial, Peace—in a secluded spot among the oak trees that shadow the southern side of my house. I worked, I weeded, I watered, I fertilized, I pruned, I sprayed, I decapitalized, and I fondly admired what I had created (God and I). In 1971 I even wrote a little book, *The Rose Garden*. But to anyone who asks me now about my roses, I confess that the last relics stand out there under the oaks behind the rhododendrons.

I had committed the original sin of gardening, thinking I could impose my own will on my garden, thinking I could compel roses to grow in the shadows of oak trees. Believe me, you might more usefully invest your time in making water run uphill. Since I loved my oak trees and my roses equally—and since only a large saw could give the roses their place in the sun—I decided to let nature take its course, which is a political act. Charles de Gaulle once said that the secret of political success is to foresee what is going to happen and then to support it. That is why my splendid oak trees shed their leaves on the graveyard of my roses.

But that is no reason for sorrow. The wonder of gardening is not what is grown but the process of growing, being able to watch things growing and dying and being reborn. Perhaps the first real pleasure, though, is simply tactile—the sense, when one bends on one's knees on a warm spring morning, of the vast solid mass under one's hands, the thick, flat rotundity of the earth. Or perhaps the first real pleasure is a vision of possibilities. Three yellow roses might look good here; there's room for some tomatoes over there, or perhaps a row of asters. People planting their first plots tend to be too practical, determined to labor over beans and carrots that the local supermarket provides just as well and far more cheaply (exceptions: peas and raspberries). It is undeniably fun to feed oneself from one's harvest, but remember that gardening is not supposed to be practical. If, on the other hand, you yearn to grow carrots (which do grow like weeds), then plant carrots. Plant whatever tastes good, whatever pleases you. Plant lawn grass. Plant garlic. Plant fig trees.

Remember, in short, that gardening is quite different from farming. The function of farming is to produce crops, food; the

function of gardening, if it has one, is to delight the planter. Farming is essentially commerce; it exists for gain. Gardening is essentially art; it exists for itself. While the 20th century has turned farming into agribusiness, gardening rejects most of modernity's most cherished values. "More" and "faster" have little place in the garden, not to mention cost efficiency or the bottom line. It is to escape such things that one began digging.

The first law of gardening is not speed or efficiency but patience. Everything will come in its own time: just as spring follows winter, the first crocuses the first thaw. This is not an easy law to learn for people who think that everything can be bought. In the garden, virtually nothing can be bought, except a good shovel and good seeds, and time follows its own imperative. The second law, more subtle but no less important, is the value of proportion, of balance, what the French call *mesure*. Ideally, any gardener would like to serve nature, to participate and share in her mysteries, but he soon learns that nature as such is a constant state of aggression and destruction. Each plant reseed itself a hundred times too often, and each garden struggles to become a weed patch.

When we first dig into a terrain that we plan to make a garden, we assume the role of philosopher-king. While we learn that we cannot conquer nature, we also learn that we must make decisions of life or death. In a row of unthinned carrots, none ever grows to full size. Weeding is what we call our choices, our caring for what we want to care for, our rule of law.

At the end of Voltaire's *Candide*, when the hero and heroine have both been brutally mistreated, all their dreams and ideals shattered, Candide declares that the only thing still worth doing is to live in peace and "cultiver notre jardin" (to cultivate our garden). There have been times in recent years when saviors of the world have declared this as a rejection of humanity, a rejection of all one's duties to that humanity. I think not. I think that cultivating a garden is one of the best and happiest things to do in life, and I like to think that Martin Luther thought so too. Let the end of the world take care of itself.

—By Otto Friedrich





## Video

### "Let the Music Go Inside of You"

DEAF AND BLIND PBS: June 17, 18, 24 and 25 on most stations

It was 1967 when Frederick Wiseman directed his first documentary, *Tinewt Follies*, a powerful look at life inside a Massachusetts prison for the criminally insane. At that time *Follies*' cinéma-verité style exemplified the vanguard of documentary filmmaking: no interviews, no narration, no overt intrusion of the filmmaker's point of view. Since then, the technique has become something of a TV cliché. Prime-time shows from *Hill Street Blues* to CBS's *48 Hours* have appropriated the hand-held camera and other slice-of-life touches. Even commercial directors have tossed away their tripods, cameras wander about relentlessly, trying to sell "reality" as well as Nissan automobiles and Levi's jeans.

Meanwhile, Wiseman has remained austere, some would say maddeningly consistent. In a string of further documentaries for public TV, his cameras have observed institutions from a New York City welfare office to Dallas' Neiman-Marcus department store, all with the same unvarnished, fly-on-the-wall style. Even his titles—*Hospital*, *Welfare*, *Racetrack*, *The Store*—are stripped to the bluntly descriptive essentials. Behind Wiseman's minimalist method, however, is a subtle and perceptive artist. His enduring subject: the way people cope with the stress, dislocation and institutional indifference of American life.

*Deaf and Blind*, Wiseman's newest work, is his longest yet and one of his best. It is made up of four separate documentaries, each two hours or more in length, fo-



Alabama instructor with her sightless charge

cusing on the Alabama Institute for Deaf and Blind in Talladega. The films—separately titled *Blind*, *Deaf*, *Multi-Handicapped* and *Adjustment and Work*—team with affecting, carefully assembled detail. A little blind girl, new cane in hand and helped by a teacher, gropes through the hallways in search of a children's drink-

ing fountain. "I deserved a drink of water for that, didn't I?" she chirps after finally taking a sip. Disabled adults are trained in sewing and other rudimentary work skills. Children with motor handicaps struggle to master tasks like folding a washcloth or negotiating the spout of a milk carton.

There are occasional notes of ironic commentary. A Bible teacher tries to engage a group of handicapped children in his lesson, but most seem as oblivious to it as they are to the TV set that drones forlornly in the school's recreation room. Yet Wiseman is remarkably nonjudgmental; his best scenes are poignant rather than pointed. A class of blind children lie on the floor while three teachers caress them with wispy fabrics and a piano plunks out *Over the Rainbow*. "I want you to think about pleasant things," says a teacher soothingly, "and I want you to let the music go all inside of you..."

It is not difficult, of course, to make an impact with scenes of handicapped children. The more impressive achievement of *Deaf and Blind* is its picture of the school's staff, seen working with the children and meeting with one another to discuss curriculum and disciplinary problems. In one extraordinary 45-minute sequence, a deaf boy who has repeatedly threatened suicide is counseled by a trio of concerned adults: a teacher, the school's director and the boy's mother. Their tactics are sometimes dubious—"Do you like what you see?" says the director, holding a mirror in front of the boy's sad face—but the compassion and sincerity are unmistakable. Here, as in all his best films, Wiseman is ultimately moving, even uplifting. This uncompromising realist keeps plunging into the world's hurly-burly and returning with portraits of good people.

—By Richard Zoglin

### Kidvid Cuts

Anyone who tunes in on kidvid shows knows the full meaning of advertising overkill. Some programs, like *G.I. Joe* and *Transformers*, are based on popular toys, and have been denounced by critics as program-length commercials. All are punctuated by pitches for every product from superhero dolls to sugared cereals. Last week Congress moved toward giving the kids a break. By a vote of 328 to 78, the House of Representatives acted to limit ads

on children's programming to twelve minutes an hour on weekdays and 10½ minutes on weekends. Ever since a Federal Communications Commission ruling in 1984, broadcasters have been free of any such limits on ad time, though most stations adhere to them voluntarily.

The bill also requires that broadcasters air some educational programming for children in order to ensure renewal of their licenses. That marks a small but significant reversal of the Reagan Administration's effort to release broadcasters from all

Government regulations on program content. Both provisions are expected to have no trouble passing the Senate.

The bill, however, was stripped of two stronger pro-



The Jetsons

visions: a ban on the toy-based children's shows, and a requirement that stations air at least one hour a day of educational fare for kids. The National Association of Broadcasters, while not fond of the measure, says it will not oppose it. Meanwhile, children's TV activists are claiming a victory—barely. "As far as commercials are concerned, it says children are different from adults," notes Peggy Charren, president of Action for Children's Television. "But any more changes and I would have called the bill a sellout."



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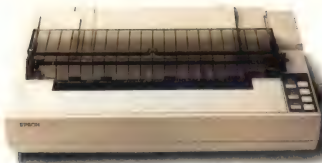
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## Art

# Giving Success a Good Name

*Hockney's skill and wit create a consistent world*

No other English artist has ever been as popular in his own time, with as many people, in as many places, as David Hockney. At 50, an age at which J.M.W. Turner was hardly known in France and Henry Moore was only just beginning to enter collections outside Britain, Hockney has the kind of celebrity usually reserved for film stars but rarely visited on serious artists—Picasso and Warhol being the big exceptions. Merely to see his blond hair and round glasses across a crowded room, let alone hear his Yorkshire voice droning unstopably on about Picasso, cubism and his own photography, turns the knees of collectors to jelly. When Actor Steve Martin pays \$330,000 at auction for a medium-good, medium-size drawing of Andy Warhol by Hockney, as he did last month, one knows that some overriding program in the fame machinery has kicked in and will not soon be turned off.

No one has ever begrudged the artist his success. Hockney is that rarity, a painter of strong talent and indefatigable industry who has never struck the wearisome pose of *il maestro* and has been grounded, throughout his career, in the bedrock of Yorkshire common sense. Self-mockery may not be his long suit, but Hockney is the least arrogant of men, and his achievement, uneven though it looks, is a distinguished one. It can be assayed in the retrospective of some 200 works—paintings, prints, drawings, photocollages, stage designs—that, having originally been put together by the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, opens this week at New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art.

To think of Hockney is to think of pictorial skill and a total indifference (in the work, at least) to the dark side of human experience. Does the latter make him a less serious



**A Bigger Splash, 1967: a radiant acceptance of Now—an eye blink, picture-perfect**

painter? Of course not, any more than it trivialized the work of that still underrated artist Raoul Dufy. At root, Hockney is popular because his work offers a window through which one's eye moves without strain or fuss into a wholly consistent world. That world has its cast of recurrent characters—friends, lovers and family. Hockney's portraits of his parents, in particular, are full of unabashed filial devotion, and through repeated drawings and

paintings he has given the portly form of his friend and promoter Henry Geldzahler an abiding recognizability: one knows that stomach like the knob of Mont Ste.-Victoire. And then, inseparable from Hockney's skill and lack of pretension, there is his candor about sexual matters, which is no more titillating today than it was shocking in the early '60s. It is simply *there*, part of the work, like Bonnard's liking for peaches.

Hockney was by no means the first English artist to make his homosexuality a theme of his art, but he was the first to do it in a garrulous, social way, treating his appetites as the most natural thing in the world and not, like Francis Bacon, as a pretext for reflection on Eros' power to maim and dominate. His code for the subject in the early '60s was graffiti. Flattened scrawly figures with sticks for limbs and blobs for heads, much influenced by Jean Dubuffet, populate a whole set of images from 1960 to 1963—*Doll Boy*, *The Fourth Love Painting*, *The Most Beautiful Boy in the World* (a valentine to the pop singer Cliff Richard, on whom the artist had an unrequited crush), *We Two*



**Portrait Surrounded by Artistic Devices, 1965**



*Boys Together* Clinging to line from Walt Whitman, who, like Gandhi, was one of the heroes of Hockney's youth).

Often loosely called a pop artist, Hockney was only tangentially so. He did not care deeply about mass imagery. What did delight him was the modalities of fine art as they brushed against print and, later, photography. He loved formal impurity as long as it was clearly underwritten by formal skill. With his wiry line that defined shape while subliminally conveying its depth and weight, with his unfailing instinct for placement, he knew just where the metallic fronds of a palm should pop up in empty space, just how much of a figure in a shower could be elided by white lines of water. His hero of virtuosity was Picasso, whose work, he said, showed that "style is something you can use, and you can be like a magpie, just taking what you want. The idea of the rigid style seemed to me then something you needn't concern yourself with; it would trap you."

**T**hese early Hockneys, flat, offhand and laden with tropes, hold up very well after 25 years. *Portrait Surrounded by Artistic Devices*, 1965, is a witty protest against Cézanne's peculiar remark, elevated into a tedious orthodoxy by art teachers, that in nature one should look for geometry—the sphere, the cone, the cylinder. So Hockney paints his father behind a pile of cubes and cylinders, with more such patches ranged on a shelf above his head. These "devices" are merely a pedantic clutter of spare parts without meaning; feeling, the portrait argues, matters more than formulas.

Hockney moved to Los Angeles, where he still lives, in 1964. Before long it became apparent that his paintings of El Lay were *inventing* the city, giving it a promptly recognizable, iconic form that no other painter had cottoned to. Just as, once you have seen their work, you cannot look at New York brownstones without Edward Hopper or at certain Paris locales without Edouard Manet, so Hockney's Los Angeles is quite indelible.

He did not always get the light right, but he fixed other things—those pastel planes, insouciant scraggy palms, blank panes of glass, and blue pools full of wreathing reflections and brown bodies. *A Bigger Splash*, 1967, remains the quintessential L.A. painting, taut but inviting, like a friendly, dehistoricized De Chirico in which the melancholy drag of Then has turned into a radiant acceptance of Now—an eye blink, picture-perfect. The splash itself, in its strands, hatchings and squiggles of white, is Hockney's masterpiece of stylization. Anything could have gone wrong in it, but nothing did.

Although Hockney doted on L.A., he sometimes allowed himself a prod with the needle. *American Collectors* (Fred and Marcia Weisman), 1968, takes its relationships of figures and architecture from the Italian quattrocento, the ideal proportional world of Piero della Francesca. But then one notices that Marcia Weisman's lopsided smile echoes the toothy grimace

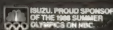


*Nichols Canyon, 1980: inventing an iconic form for L.A.*



*American Collectors (Fred and Marcia Weisman), 1968*





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of the Northwest Indian totem and that a dribble of paint has run down from her spouse's fist, as though he were crushing something small and warm to pulp.

Hockney's deepest interest as a painter lay with reaching an unforced calm beyond rhetoric, and in the late '60s and early '70s (as in the finely modulated *Still Life on a Glass Table*, 1971-72) he succeeded in doing so without a trace of pretension. Not all his later paintings have been as successful. His images of travel in Japan (flower arrangement in front of Mount Fuji, rain on canvas) seem facile and touristy by comparison, and a coarse, overdone glow began to seep into his portraiture. On the evidence of this show, Hockney was faltering somewhat by the late '70s.

**H**e retrieved his momentum through photography and the theater. In photography, he took to reassembling a scene or a motif by taking hundreds of photographs of it, and then constructing a cubist patchwork out of these shifting, overlapping views. This, he believed, replicated for the viewer the actual process of scanning—and so it did, in a fairly schematic way. Cubism linked up, in Hockney's mind, with the study of Chinese scrolls. He enjoyed the sense of traversing an image, rolling through it, taking the eye on a journey. His most ambitious effort to mimic that feeling, the big buckling panorama of his painting *Mulholland Drive: The Road to the Studio*, 1980, is by no means the masterpiece it has been taken for, but he did produce in *Nichols Canyon*, 1980, a soaring Dufy-esque landscape of the Los Angeles hills (all fauve orange and blue, viridian, chrome yellow and black) that wrought his color to a new freshness and intensity.

That, in turn, was useful in the theater. Hockney was a natural stage designer. The distanced attitude of his work, the sense of the image as a proscenium of quotation with flat figures moving within the frame like puppets, guaranteed that. Since 1966, when he designed a London production of Alfred Jarry's farce *Ubu Roi*, he has done a stream of designs for opera and ballet, most recently Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*, whose romantic sets with their plunging perspectives, sweeping sails and bombastically thickened architectural décor are lavishly represented by models at the Met.

Indeed, one may prefer Hockney's stage work to the present phase of his painting, which consists mainly of devotional pastiches of '30s Picasso in licorice-Alfonsos color, some of them very slick indeed. The wall space occupied by some of these should have been sacrificed for a better look at his prints and graphics, which are one of the great strengths of Hockney's work and, except for the suite of etchings based on Hogarth's *Rake's Progress*, are not covered in the depth they deserve. But though parts of the show and its presentation disappoint, the whole does not: perhaps it is only because Hockney delights you so regularly that you feel vaguely cheated when, here and there, he fails to.

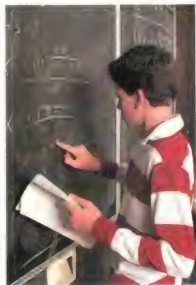
—By Robert Hughes

## Education

### Flunking Grade in Math

*U.S. students are barely beyond the basics*

**E**ducators have been fretting for years about the state of math instruction in American public schools. In one attempt to get students on track, Congress in 1965 passed the Elementary and Secondary Education Act, sending a back-to-basics message that it hoped would improve achievement in math and other subjects. Last week the results of such efforts were totted up in a newly released study titled



Tackling eighth-grade algebra

*Too many rote drills, little comprehension.*

*The Mathematics Report Card—Are We Measuring Up?* Its assessment of the performance of U.S. high school students in 1986: "Dismal."

The study was conducted by the National Assessment of Educational Progress (NAEP) of Princeton, N.J., and based on tests given to 150,000 pupils from 1972 to 1986. Among the findings:

- ▶ More than a fourth of 13-year-old middle schoolers cannot handle elementary-school arithmetic.
- ▶ Nearly one-third of eleventh-graders say they generally do not understand what the math teacher is talking about.
- ▶ Only 6% of 17-year-olds can handle algebra or multistep math problems.
- ▶ Scores for blacks and Hispanics, despite modest gains, lag 7% to 11% below those for whites.

The NAEP document notes that the average Japanese high schooler does better at math than the top 5% of Americans taking college-prep courses. It blasts U.S. math instruction as "dominated by paper-and-pencil drills on basic computation"

and by rote explanations from teachers too dependent on set-piece texts. Innovative teaching, lab work and special projects "remain disappointingly rare."

Some testing authorities have tried to put a good face on the results. They emphasize that the lowest-scoring pupils improved somewhat over the 13 years of the study. Says Gregory Anrig, president of Educational Testing Service, of which NAEP is an arm: "The good news is that basics are back and we have raised the bottom." But they acknowledge that the bottom remains much farther down than it ought to be, the middle has not budged since 1972, and neither has the top.

Moreover, the tests, which range over five achievement levels from simple arithmetic to algebra, are not all that tough. A typical base-level question: Which of these numbers is closest to 30? 20, 28, 34 or 40? A top-level question asks: Suppose you have ten coins and have at least one each of a quarter, a dime, a nickel and a penny. What is the least amount of money you could have? Kids who cannot handle such penny-ante stuff are undoubtedly in deep trouble.

Experts tend to agree on just who and what put them there. Mary Lindquist, professor of math education at Columbus College in Georgia and a co-author of the report, comes down hard on teaching methods. "We have taught kids to be little calculators, but they do not know why they do what they do," she says, adding, "They don't know what numbers mean." James Vasquez, superintendent of San Antonio's Edgewood school district, where 94% of the pupils are Hispanic, blames substandard preparation for teachers. He points out that Texas, like many other states, certifies elementary teachers who never took much math and may be almost as lost as their pupils.

James Stigler, a University of Chicago behavioral scientist who has studied education in Japan, Taiwan and America, agrees. "In U.S. elementary schools," he says, "teachers don't know mathematics. They assign the basic problems but skip word problems because word problems are harder to teach." Even top educators sometimes struggle with arithmetic. In its preface, the NAEP report states that "fully a third" of 13-year-olds have not mastered basic skills taught in elementary schools, but its own statistic is 26.9%—which is, alas, a lot closer to one-fourth. Thus, it seems, the shakers and makers of testing share some low marks for math right along with the pupils and teachers upon whom their assessment has fallen.

—By Ezra Bowen

Reported by Wayne Szyboda/New York



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by Raymond Friedrich, 17

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Downey, California



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## Behavior

### Why Mothers Kill Their Babies

*Severe distress afflicts some women in the months after giving birth*

It is a bizarre and frightening deed, one that elicits an almost primal horror: an apparently normal mother suddenly snaps and kills her newborn child. Sadly, it is not all that rare. In April, according to police, Lucrezia Gentile, a Brooklyn housewife, reported that her two-month-old son had been abducted, then confessed that she had drowned him in his bath. Reason: she could not stand his incessant crying. A year

and become seriously depressed for months. They undergo mercurial mood swings, lose their appetite and go sleepless for nights on end. Plagued by thoughts of suicide or fantasies of killing their baby by dropping it down the stairs, burying it in the backyard or cutting it up with a kitchen knife, "These are invasive, terrifying ideas that can drive them crazy," says Psychiatrist Ricardo Fernandez, of



**Sad ending:** Lucrezia Gentile with husband John at the funeral of their two-month-old son. One of the most joyful times in a woman's life may also bring about the most inner turmoil.

earlier, Michele Remington, a factory worker in Bennington, Vt., fatally shot her infant son with a .22-cal. handgun before unsuccessfully trying to kill herself. Kathleen Householder, of Rippon, W. Va., hit her two-week-old daughter in the head with a fist-size rock because she was "fussing". Householder dumped the tiny body in a nearby river.

The doleful litany goes on and on. What can possibly explain such horrific acts? Increasingly, doctors and psychiatrists are pointing to temporary mental breakdown in the months after giving birth, postpartum disorders that can range from mild depression to full-blown psychosis. Medical experts have long known that though the year after the birth of a child may be one of the most joyful times in a woman's life, it is also among the most stressful. Between 50% and 80% of new mothers experience an emotional letdown, known as the "baby blues," and become sensitive, moody and tearful. Such feelings usually disappear within a couple of weeks.

However, about 8% to 12% of women who give birth suffer a blacker torment

Princeton, N.J. "A lot of women have a tremendous amount of guilt and shame because of these thoughts."

Most never act on the dark impulses, but a few new mothers—less than 1%—become psychotic. These may suffer extreme agitation, feel persecuted and begin hallucinating. Angela Thompson of Sacramento drowned her nine-month-old son in the bathtub after hearing the voice of God tell her the child was the devil. It has been five years since her son's death, but her recollection of her mental state is still vivid. "I thought if I killed the baby that my husband would raise him to life again in three days and that the world would know that my husband was Jesus Christ," she explains. "When he was dead, I thought his face was contorted like the devil's."

Postpartum mental disorders are so far poorly understood. Psychiatrists debate whether they are distinct forms of depression or psychosis. The *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders (III)*, the profession's bible, does not list postpartum problems separately. No one is exactly sure what causes these mental

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## Behavior

conditions, but both physical and psychological explanations have been suggested. "A woman is undergoing a tremendous hormonal upheaval around the time of childbirth," says Nancy Reame, a woman's health researcher at the University of Michigan. During pregnancy, estrogen and progesterone increase a thousandfold, then abruptly drop to normal or sometimes below normal after birth, which may precipitate sudden emotional disorders. Breast feeding is also accompanied by major hormonal changes.

Caring for a newborn is demanding physically and emotionally, a task that many women are ill prepared for. New mothers today often lack a support structure to relieve them of the added pressures and



The Thompsons with daughter and new son

the continuing strains of everyday living. Medical treatment for the entire gamut of postpartum disorders, from depression to psychotic episodes, has become quite effective. It may include medication, hospitalization, electroconvulsive therapy and counseling. Some women, including those who have experienced problem pregnancies or have a family history of mental illness, are thought to be at higher risk of developing postpartum trouble. Preventive injections of progesterone immediately after birth may be suggested for women who have suffered from depression after a previous birth.

Too often, though, the problem goes undetected. Women now leave hospitals within three days of delivery, well before most postpartum difficulty arises. Husbands and doctors frequently fail to appreciate the gravity of the illness. Sharon Comitz, a Pennsylvania pharmaceutical clerk who dropped her month-old son from a bridge into a mountain stream, had previously been hospitalized for depression after the birth of a daughter. Yet when she came home with her new son, her husband Glenn

recalls, "I didn't realize it, but she was just going through the motions. She would bathe the baby in the kitchen but would have no towels, no diapers, no powder. Then she would get completely beside herself. I would tell her, 'You're just having a bad time.'"

Two years ago, Beverly Bartek of Lincoln, Neb., drowned her infant daughter in the kitchen sink two days after her physician told her that her moodiness and paranoia were the results of the baby blues. Angela Thompson had hallucinations after the birth of her first child, jumped off a bridge and was taken to a mental hospital. Still, when she became pregnant with her second child, she notes, "my doctor said, 'Just take it easy. I see no reason why it should happen again.'"

Despite their anguish, most husbands remain steadfastly supportive of their wives, regarding them as temporarily insane and not responsible for their actions. But as a legal defense, insanity as a result of postpartum mental illness is not a sure-fire success. While some women, including Thompson, Remington and Bartek, have received sympathetic hearings on such grounds and gone free, others have been sent to prison. Householder spent 22 months in jail; Comitz is now serving an eight-to-20-year sentence. Both women had told police complex kidnapping stories. Comitz had so completely convinced herself of the truth of her alibi that she passed two lie-detector tests. She revealed the truth only under hypnosis.

Prosecutors, however, tend to see elaborate fabrications as proof that the women are rational. Declares District Attorney Ray Gricar, who handled the Comitz case: "Obviously, Sharon was depressed and 'lost it,' but there's no way she was out of her mind. She had to know exactly what she was doing and had a clear head to do it." Criminologist Daniel Katkin of Pennsylvania State University sees a dangerous fallacy here. "The mistake is to think that insane people are incapable of making plans," he explains. "The reality is that crazy people also make plans, but they make crazy plans." Whether Lucretia Gentile is prosecuted will be decided by a grand jury.

The key to preventing tragedies lies in the education of both the public and health-care professionals. Mothers who have experienced postpartum distress have started support groups. Depression after Delivery, based in Yardley, Pa., has 14 chapters around the country. Families that have suffered the most devastating loss are trying to contribute too. Thompson's husband Jeff is lobbying California legislators for a bill that will enable women accused of infanticide to remain in custody at a hospital. The couple has found the courage to go on and lead a normal life: in May 1987, four years after killing her baby, Thompson gave birth to another son.

—By Anastasia Touxelis.  
Reported by Barbara Dolan/Chicago and Georgia Harblson/New York

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## Books

### Perils Of Pablo

PICASSO: CREATOR AND DESTROYER

by Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington  
Simon & Schuster; 558 pages; \$22.95

In 1981 Arianna Stassinopoulos (as she then was) brought out a biography of the diva Maria Callas, heavily borrowed from several earlier works, including *Callas* by John Ardoin and Gerald Fitzgerald. It was a best seller. Now it is the turn of Pablo Picasso (1881-1973), the quintessential modern artist. Picasso is on the front cover, looking haggard. On the back is Huffington, looking glamorous. Her fixed smile displays a row of pearly teeth, no stains or chips. Which is remarkable, given that they have bitten off so much more than they can chew.

There is no sign in the 558 pages of *Picasso: Creator and Destroyer* that Huffington has given a day's close thought to Picasso's art—or anyone else's. To her, Picasso is mainly interesting as a celebrity with an odious character: a user, all but incapable of real affection, destructive to his friends, brutal to his women, cruelly indifferent to his children. Some of this is, of course, true, and it has not been a secret for years. The Big P's personal life was no oil painting, and Huffington documents it with zeal, leaving one in no doubt that he was to ordinary male chauvinist pigs what Moby Dick was to whales.

Yet while inverting some earlier writing about Picasso—hagiography of the goat god, by members of his clique—Huffington produces something just as hokey. She comes on like a cross between Marabel Morgan and Mme. Defarge. She is out to avenge all of the women in his life—"goddesses and doormats," in Picasso's nasty phrase—except his late widow Jacqueline Roque, whom she denounces. Her biography becomes an interminable pecking session, to the point where she even finds fault with Picasso for becoming rich. "It took a lot of money to keep Picasso in bohemia," sneers the author, who in 1986 capped her own social ascent in Reaganland by wearing an \$18,000 gown at her heavily publicized wedding to Texas Oil heir Michael Huffington.

She does find something for her candied prose to cloy on. "He stirred in me all the emotions present in an intimate relationship," pants Huffington, who never met Picasso. "I was seduced by his magnetism, his intensity, that mysterious quality of inexhaustibility bursting forth from the transfixing stare of his black-marble eyes



The artist at 74 with Wife Jacqueline in 1955: the Moby Dick of male chauvinist pigs. Riddled with errors, a portrait in candied prose and a fog of pop psychology.

as much as from his work. Picasso was for the women and for many of the men in his life both the irresistibly sensual and seductive Don Juan and the divine Krishna." Add *Dallas* to *Callas*, and presto: *Phallus!*

Huffington even comes up with a gay period for Picasso. In 1898, she claims, during a visit to the mountains near Horta, he fell in love with an unnamed gypsy boy. The high-sierra idyll is padded with imagined dialogue and trills of swoony prose, but not one scrap of solid evidence is given for it.

Unfortunately, Huffington's grasp of



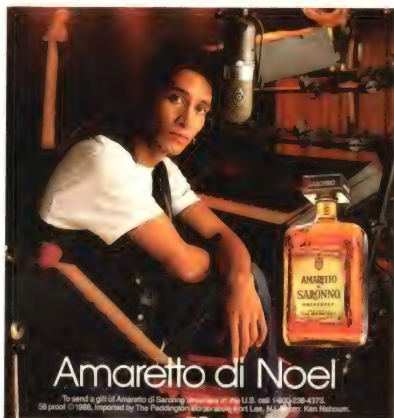
Huffington: coming on like Mme. Defarge

Picasso's work, of the cultural milieus through which he moved for three-quarters of a century and of the general history of 20th-century art into which his achievements are woven is so sketchy as to border on the sophomoric—on the few occasions when it rises above freshman level. Few paintings are discussed, and none with originality, in a text that is riddled with errors large and small. She thinks, for instance, that the Catalan sculptor Julio González "guided Picasso's first serious steps into sculpture" in 1928. In that year González did teach Picasso how to weld; but Picasso had changed the very history of sculpture long before with his cubist constructions, starting with the sheet-metal *Guitar* of 1912.

Huffington evades treating his art as art with the common claim of kitsch biography: "His art was so thoroughly autobiographical that what he did was what he was." Through the pink fog of her pop psychology, one hears Muzak about "genius," "passion" and "torment" attached to a simple rehash of the dubious argument put forward some 20 years ago by John Berger in his book *The Success and Failure of Picasso*. Picasso's work, Berger claimed, declined into absurdity as his own fame insulated him from the "real" concerns of society. In Huffington's romance, Bluebeard gets his due: the sexual tyrant is condemned to creative sterility in old age. These ardent simplicities are largely contradicted by his work.

No truly definitive life of Picasso can be written until his archives are opened to scholars. But one could wish Huffington had done better with what was available.





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## Books



Sharansky: "against the kingdom of lies"

nents, who were preparing to try him as an anti-Soviet agitator and a CIA spy.

Sharansky's game plan, which he first sketched out on a piece of prison toilet paper, had three objectives: not to cooperate with the KGB; to penetrate and foil its methods; and to expose its cruelty and lies to the outside world. He never wavered. Armed with his intelligence, his sense of moral rightness and his innocence of the charges, he confounded a team of 17 KGB investigators who had fabricated a case of high treason against him. Conducting his own defense, he turned his trial into a shambles as he demonstrated the falseness of the evidence. When his thundering final speech was reproduced in the Western press, Sharansky became, at 30, the most famous of the world's prisoners of conscience, a symbol of hope and defiance in the face of Soviet oppression. Though he was sentenced to 13 years, he had retained what he calls his "spiritual independence against the kingdom of lies."

Sharansky's captors, understanding that his struggle was "against the entire Soviet system," treated him abominably in a merciless nine-year effort to break him. He was confined for 403 days in freezing punishment cells, kept alive mostly on bread and warm water. He used various intellectual exercises to hold on. He solved in his head math puzzles he had read in a book by the American science writer Martin Gardner. Soaking up the water in his toilet with rags, then leaning deep into the bowl, he took lessons in Hebrew from a fellow prisoner stationed at his own bowl in an adjacent cell, who called out to him through the lavatory pipe.

Sharansky formulated a principle to live by: "Nothing they do can humiliate me. I alone can humiliate myself. Once I had absorbed that idea, nothing—not searches, not punishments, not even several attempts to force-feed me through the rec-



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## Books

tum during an extended hunger strike—could deprive me of my self-respect.”

Sharansky's spiritual resources were even more remarkable. For comfort and guidance he memorized the Psalms in Hebrew and chanted them often. He composed a prayer that he repeated to himself before confronting every new ordeal. It ended, "Grant me the strength, the power, the intelligence, the good fortune, and the patience to leave this jail and to reach the land of Israel in an honest and worthy way." His wife Avital, who indefatigably campaigned around the globe for his release, symbolized for him the one "fixed point" he could absolutely rely upon. Like another mathematician before him, Archimedes, he reckoned that with a place to stand on he could move the earth. And so he did. His early release in 1986 as a result of international pressure and his triumphant arrival in Israel were understood by millions as just such a feat.

Nevertheless, Sharansky's memoir has no happy ending. The brutal treatment of prisoners he describes has scarcely been tempered by the reformist policies of Mikhail Gorbachev. If the General Secretary is serious about extending *glasnost* and *perestroika* to all Soviet society, he will see to the publication of *Fear No Evil* at home. That would be a powerful impetus for restructuring the inhuman penal system he inherited from his predecessors.

—By Patricia Blake

## Maine Lines

LETOURNEAU'S USED AUTO PARTS  
by Carolyn Chute  
Ticknor & Fields; 244 pages; \$16.95

**"A** fork loader brings the crusher a gored and rusty Rambler. The crusher eats the Rambler. The Rambler doesn't fight back. It just shivers as it enters the jaws. The windshield pops. The crusher howls lustily. The crusher man working the levers slow and easy has a faraway look in his eye."

Anthropomorphizing the machine and denaturing the operator have the intended effect, and there is no doubt that Carolyn Chute writes for effect. Her first novel, *The Beans of Egypt, Maine*, soaked the reader with a collection of country characters that might have escaped the pages of another resident Maine novelist, Stephen King, who does not write nearly so well as Chute but plots better.

The Mainers of *Letourneau's Used Auto Parts* are not the type to be seen at L.L. Bean. They live in a town that is inappropriately named Miracle City, a collection of raw shacks and trailers hard by an automobile junkyard whose owner, Lucien Letourneau, is a down-East version of Big Daddy. Chute skillfully spot-welds an assemblage of impressive vignettes and character sketches, but she has difficulty hooking up the narrative drive.

—By R.Z. Sheppard



## Music

### Do You Wanna Dirty Dance?

*From the shopping mall to the concert hall, it's a '60s flashback*

**R**ock is in its second childhood. Senility is not pending, but familiarity certainly is, as rock's raffishness gets curry-combed by nostalgia, spiffed up and re-packaged for more genteel consumption. The musical past is being reprocessed, in all sorts of unlikely places, from shopping malls to concert stages. A second generation is starting to catch the beat of the music their parents grew up with, the music that, very often, helped their parents grow up. If all that is a little disorienting, or even baffling, remember the words of the classic R-and-B tune: "The little girls understand."

*Had!* *The Time of My Life*, his hit theme from the movie. His question gets a good roar from the crowd. "How many over 20?" Another roar. The show, which combines live performance with taped oldies, offers up similarly canned memories: blasts from a past now distant enough to seem quaint.

The *Dirty Dancing* concert tour might

talent contest. Even Tracy Chapman, 24, a singer-songwriter out of Boston, sounds like a flashback. Her warmly praised debut album resounds with high purpose, in marked contrast to the growing legions of pube rockers, but to anyone who actually made it through the '60s, Chapman writes protest just like Phil Ochs and sounds just like Odette out for a ride in a convertible.

Pube rockers, who tend to be more aggressively wholesome than Madonna Wanna Be's, are all busy trying to sound like Classic Belters Brenda Lee and Lesley Gore, but they share separate turf. Lee and Gore and other icons of the '60s had an edge in their voice, an ache in their heart. The pube rockers put a tune over with a kind of suburban satisfaction that can be cute and even, like Tiffany, buoyant and ap-



The *Dirty Dancing* tour, coming to your town this summer: blasts from a past now distant enough to seem quaint

That is precisely the sort of song—raw and nasty, full of bluff brimstone—that never made it into the carnal candy land evoked by the 1987 movie *Dirty Dancing*. The shrewdly calculated saga of a girl's coming of age in 1963, the film *Dirty Dancing* is responsible more than anything else for this new slew of what might be called pube rock. The movie was so perfect a young teen dream, it became almost poignant. You had to see it to believe it, and many did. *Dirty Dancing* pulled in \$65 million at the box office and is still going strong at the video stores.

This week a *Dirty Dancing* concert revue comes to Manhattan's Radio City Music Hall, with a brace of nostalgically inclined singers and a bevy of pelvically primed dancers. After eight shows at Radio City, the concert will head out to 65 cities in the heartland. "How many people here under 20?" shouts Bill Medley, once a Righteous Brother and now the revue's closing act, before jumping into *I've*

be just another oldies show if it were not for the fact that the record business has already scoped out a trend that goes beyond recycling oldies. Producers are trying to realchemize the sound of early '60s pop with singers too young to know the decade by anything but rumor and parental reminiscence. Tiffany, a 17-year-old singer from Norwalk, Calif., had a surprise No. 1 hit last year with her version of the Tommy James and the Shondells 1967 hit *I Think We're Alone Now*. Tiffany, who concertized in shopping malls to reach her public, is working on a new album, which will face heavy competition in the pube-rock field.

Atlantic is making a strong bid with Debbie Gibson, 17. She may sing like a Muppet baby, but her first album has already fostered four Top Five singles. Capitol counters with Tracie Spencer, 12, whose first album came out last month, while A&M has Shanice Wilson, 15, who landed her record contract by winning a

pealing but never goes any deeper than the label on a 45.

Depth, of course, can get in the way of a clear-cut good time, and part of what makes this young rock so successful is the shared avoidance of soul, a substitution of fantasy for flesh. The best song on the *Dirty Dancing* records is a piece of elaborate contemporary pop, Eric Carmen's *Hungry Eyes*, that recaptures the high, wide feeling of '60s music without trying to mimic it. It was hard anyway, even growing up with rock 'n' roll, to define what it was. All anyone ever really knew was that rock was the real thing, a way for a lot of kids to find a balance, share a feeling, even, sometimes, stay ahead and stay alive. It's not that way anymore. For the millions who saw the movie or buy the records or check out the concert, these songs are no longer reflections of immediate experience. They are bed-time stories.

—By Jay Cocks



# Cinema

## I Sing the Body Athletic

BULL DURHAM Directed and Written by Ron Shelton

Have you noticed that baseball players are getting better looking? The old style—paunchy Babe Ruth, ferryty Bob Feller, the sunken Dust Bowl visages of players in the '30s—has surrendered to today's sleek, chipper California look. Keith Hernandez, Dave Righetti, Jose Canseco, Dale Murphy, Rafael Palmeiro and a hundred others have the handsomeness of soap-opera stars. And their fine swagger italicizes the sexiness of contemporary sport. These guys know they're the studs of summer.

Annie Savoy (Susan Sarandon) knows it too. She is a true believer in the church of baseball. Each season she selects the most promising prospect from her local minor-league team, the Durham (N.C.) Bulls, and instructs him in the arts of body language and the hanging curve. For some women it might be merely fast food for an avaricious appetite, but Annie is more than a jock groupie; she is an inspired coach on a couch.

This season her acolyte is Ebby Calvin ("Nuke") LaLoosh (Tim Robbins), a southpaw with a million-dollar arm and a five-cent head. Nuke is a little raw. He's meat in need of curing, and Annie sees that as her mission. So she straps him into her bed and reads passages from *I Sing the Body Electric*. You remember Walt Whitman, according to Annie, he pitched for the Cosmic All-Stars. And his dithyrambs, invoking "limitless limpid



Ball two: Costner and Sarandon discuss pitching prospects

jets of love," could be in praise of a fastball pitcher whose arm doesn't turn to overcooked pasta in the top of the ninth. They could also be about sex. "When you know how to make love," Annie tells Nuke, "you'll know how to pitch."

Nuke is a natural. He fathoms not the ontological complexity of his own best pitches: "God, that was beautiful. What'd I do?" Crash Davis (Kevin Costner) is quite

another species of ballplayer, the kind cursed with self-awareness. All that thinking has made him a journeyman catcher with a decade-long career bouncing through the minors like a Baltimore chop on Astroturf. Now Crash must baby-sit Nuke into maturity, teach him to connive a little in the game's moral geometry. "Strikeouts are boring. They're fascist," Crash tells Nuke. "Throw some ground balls; it's more democratic." With professors like Crash and Annie, Nuke can't miss vaulting to the bigs. Then maybe the grownups can get together and discuss what Crash believes in: "long, slow, deep, soft, wet kisses that last for three days."

Ron Shelton, who spent some years in the minors, has made a movie with the loping narrative rhythm of a baseball season. This is, after all, a game of anticipation: waiting to gauge an opposing pitcher's heat, waiting for a seeing-eye grounder or a play at the plate. Shelton locates the tension and the humor between pitches, between ball games, between the sheets.

It helps too that he has written the wittiest, busiest screenplay since *Moonstruck*, and that his three stars do their very best screen work. Costner's surly sexiness finally pays off here: abraging against Sarandon's earth-mama geniality and Robbins' rube egocentricity, Costner strikes sparks. Aided by a snazzy red-neck roadhouse bar-band score, *Bull Durham* is a long, smart kiss to baseball that should last longer than three days. How about all season? Wouldn't it be poetic justice if Ron Shelton were the movies' Mr. October?

—By Richard Corliss

## Arnold Wry

### RED HEAT

Bruce, Sylvester, Arnold—all the sissy boys' names of the '50s have grown up, like one-time 97-lb. weaklings, to take their revenge by attaching themselves to the macho men of the '80s. Springsteen, Stallone... *Schwarzenegger!* Who'd have thought it? That an Austrian body builder with gap teeth and a goofy moniker could become Hollywood's Brahmin of brawn?

Scoffers reckoned without Schwarzenegger's wry star quality: he is a bulkier-than-life creature who knows he's a cartoon. So his peccin'-sex epics have become dependably profitable. And in

the occasional election year, he makes a good movie. In 1984's *The Terminator* he played a killer cyborg—type-casting for a terrific sci-fi parable. Now he teams with Director Walter Hill for an informal remake of Hill's 1982 hit, *48 HRS.*

Back then, Eddie Murphy shot to stardom as a jailbird sprung to help Cop Nick Nolte catch a psychopath. This time Schwarzenegger is a Soviet policeman trailing three vicious cocaine smugglers to Chicago, and his partner in crime busting is Jim Belushi, a detective with a good arrest record and a bad atti-

tude. It's *glasnost* with a gut punch—Communism and capitalism partnered to crush the evil empire of recreational drugs.

You expect nothing new in a Schwarzenegger movie, and he usually delivers. Take *Red Heat's* final runaway-



Wild ride: Belushi and Schwarzenegger

bus chase... well, action-movie finales are always boring; that's the time to get the popcorn. But there are pleasing character lines on the film's familiar muscular framework. The script, by Hill, Harry Kleiner and Troy Kennedy Martin, manages to

work a little human plausibility, even poignancy, into a couple of cop-movie stereotypes: the black dope lord and the villain's duped wife. Belushi mines quick charm out of his surly role. And Arnold, starched tongue in cheek, is a doll: G.I. Joe in Soviet mufti. He could beat the stuffing out of a toy Rambo.

—R.C.



## Milestones

**MARRIED.** Ray Blanton, 58, former Tennessee Governor who served two years in prison on mail fraud, extortion, and conspiracy charges stemming from a liquor license scandal; and Karen Flint, Nashville real estate agent; in Washington; he for the second time, she for the first. Blanton, whose administration's pardon-selling conspiracy was portrayed in the country-and-western record *Pardon Me, Ray* and the 1985 Sissy Spacek film *Marie*, is attempting a comeback as a Democratic congressional candidate in Tennessee's eighth district.

**ARRESTED.** Noah Robinson, 45, Chicago fast-food and construction entrepreneur and half brother of Jesse Jackson; on charges of obstruction of justice and intimidating a witness to the 1986 murder of a former employee, Leroy Barber; in Greenville, S.C. Robinson had re-employed Barber in 1984 to work at one of his Wendy's restaurants but fired him the following year. Police accuse Robinson of hiring the person who last December slashed a woman who had seen the shooting of Barber. Robinson denied the charges, saying they were an effort to hurt Jackson's presidential campaign.

**INDICTED.** Stuart Karl, 34, producer of the Jane Fonda exercise videotapes; for allegedly making \$200,000 in illegal contributions to Gary Hart's 1984 presidential campaign and to the successful Senate races of Democrats John Kerry of Massachusetts and Timothy Wirth of Colorado; in Los Angeles. Karl is accused of evading the \$1,000 limit on individual contributions to presidential campaigns by reimbursing employees and associates who gave money to Hart. He is the first person charged with major election-law violations since the Watergate scandal.

**DIED.** Clarence Pendleton, 57, iconoclastic chairman of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights whose denunciations of racial hiring quotas and school busing drew the scorn of other black leaders; of an apparent heart attack; in San Diego. Head of the San Diego Urban League when appointed by President Reagan in 1981, Pendleton supported the Voting Rights Act and criticized the President for proposing to grant tax exemptions to racially discriminatory schools. Better known, however, were his blunt statements urging blacks to "compete in the marketplace and not rely solely on handouts or political favoritism."

**DIED.** Cyril I. Magnin, 88, third-generation department store magnate and San Francisco's volunteer chief of protocol for 22 years; of a heart attack; in San Francisco. Magnin's initiatives began from suggesting designs for a streamlined federal 1040 tax form to supporting his city's American Conservatory Theater to a prankish turn as a Pope threatened with assassination in the 1978 film *Foul Play*.



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## Essay

Charles Krauthammer

# Why Presidents Seem So Small

**T**he U.S. has one of the lowest voter turnouts in the West. Everyone has his reasons: difficult voter-registration procedures, a large and apolitical underclass, a general contentment that makes people not even bother to vote. But there is another explanation: boredom. People are so disappointed with the nominees for President that they see no point in expending great effort to choose among them.

Presidential politics is afflicted with political dwarfism. The Democrats started out the year with seven dwarfs. Now there is one. Republicans say many things about George Bush. That he is a political giant is not one of them.

Presidential dwarfism, however, is not a recent condition. When F.D.R. ran for President in 1932, Walter Lippmann described him as a "highly impressive person without a firm grasp of public affairs."

John Kennedy's stature is retrospectively inflated by his martyrdom. But as a candidate he was seen as a lightweight. "There are men and there are boys," wrote Murray Kempton in 1960. "Lyndon Johnson, say of him what you will, is a man. Jack Kennedy is a boy."

Truman-Dewey, Carter-Ford, Dukakis-Bush. The question is always the same: How does a great country of 250 million get stuck with these guys?

But Roosevelt and Truman and Kennedy were not dwarfs. And only the historians will be able to judge Bush and Dukakis. The better question is: Why is it that candidates always appear not up to the job?

Not because they are in reality so small. But because the office looms so large. Nowhere in the Western world is the head of government more deified than in the U.S. And nowhere else is the office so feeble. Nowhere else, in other words, is the gap between its real and imagined powers so great. This sets up an impossible disparity between expectation and delivery that makes any prospective President look inadequate.

The deification of the American President begins with the Constitution. The President doubles as head of state and is thus endowed with the aura of a king. When *Challenger* explodes, when Marines come home dead, he is the nation. His person embodies the state, and we give him all the accoutrements: a plane, a fanfare, a mountain retreat. Even the rowdy White House press corps stands up when he enters the room. He symbolizes the power of the state, and it happens that his is the most powerful state on earth. Which makes him, so goes the syllogism, the most powerful man on earth.

The superhero myth is reinforced by the fact that he can "push a button" and destroy large swaths of the globe. But that is a wholly unused and wholly unusable power. In reality, the American President is one of the least powerful chief executives in the West. He cannot even pass his own budget, a minimal attribute of governance.

It is true that in the early years, Reagan was able to get things done. But he was extraordinarily popular. Moreover, what was his major legislative achievement? Cutting taxes, a

political gimmick. When it came to more difficult issues—nuclear modernization, school prayer, Robert Bork—even this most popular of Presidents was stymied. Take foreign policy. The Congress compels adherence to a treaty interpretation (on antiballistic missiles) that the President rejects, prevents deployment of the MX force that the President wants, utterly undoes the Central American policy that the President covets. In most democracies, to achieve that kind of strategic reversal of a President's agenda, you must replace him by winning an election. In the U.S., you can do it in opposition. To defeat the Trident sub in Britain, you have to throw Mrs. Thatcher out. To defeat the MX or *contra* policy in the U.S., you need a simple majority in Congress, sometimes in just one chamber.

And yet the President is treated like a king. If the rains don't come, we may not yet blame the President directly but we certainly hold him responsible for making sure no mortal

suffers. If the economy weakens, even early in his term when it could not possibly be his fault, he is to blame. The early '80s saw a deep recession followed by the breaking of inflation. These were due to a combination of factors, among them Paul Volcker and the oil bust. Yet it is Reagan who got the blame for recession and credit for deflation, despite the fact that his principal contribution to the economy was a huge Keynesian tax cut that caused neither. When Herbert Hoover was blamed for

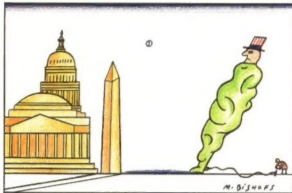
the Depression, he wryly called it a "great compliment to the energies and capacities of one man."

Harry Truman was blunter. In 1952, Richard Neustadt recounts, Truman was contemplating how frustrated Eisenhower would be should he win the presidency. "He'll sit here," said Truman, tapping his desk, "and he'll say 'Do this! Do that!' And nothing will happen. Poor Ike—it won't be a bit like the Army."

In the Oval Office, the pleasures of command are few. Power in Washington is radically decentralized. Not just because of the 200-year-old separation of powers, but also because in this generation power has diffused additionally with the decline of the party system, the overthrow of seniority in Congress, and the rise of a fourth branch of government, a standing opposition—the media. To these new institutional developments, the Executive has not found an answer.

Yet at the same time, the President's heightened media presence in a TV age has encouraged even greater deification. He is father, leader, TV star. We demand of him not just policy but vision and hope and uplift, the kind of spiritual role once assigned to popes and emperors.

Hence one failed presidency after the other. Given our expectations, how could it be otherwise? Even Reagan, who was supposed to have rehabilitated the office and broken the string of Johnson-Nixon-Ford-Carter failures, is now limping out of office, irrelevant and ridiculed. The presidency grows while its powers shrink. Is it any wonder that election year is the season of ennui?







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